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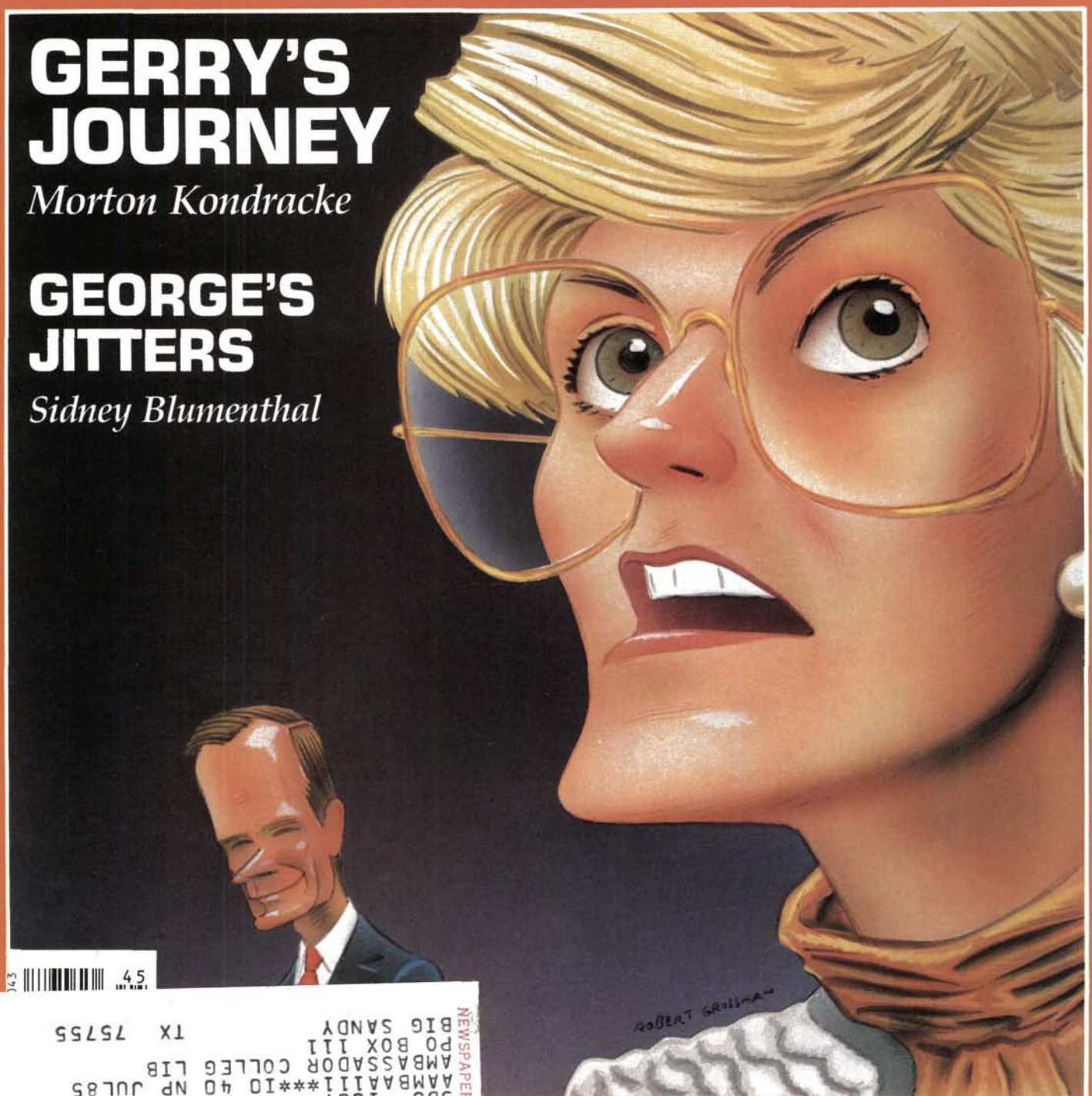

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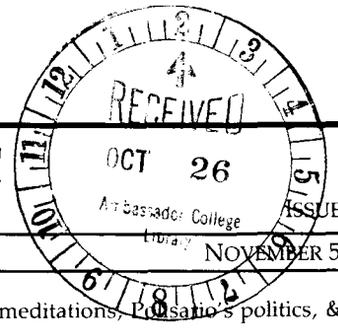

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CORRESPONDENCE

QUESTIONING CUOMO

To the editors:

TNR's analysis of Governor Mario Cuomo's Notre Dame speech ("The Governor and the Bishops," TNR, October 8) suggests that a politician might justify a reluctance to translate personal opposition to abortion into public policy because the conviction that a fetus is human can't be held with the same degree of certainty as, say, one's belief that all races are human. In acknowledgment of the possibility of being wrong, the anti-abortionist politician refrains from imposing his belief on society at large, especially if to do otherwise would invite civil disruption.

Doesn't this really miss the point? It seems to me that opposition to abortion is not necessarily based on a conviction that the fetus is definitely human but rather on the conviction that it is morally wise to *assume* that it is and morally reprehensible to assume that it is not. In all other cases where a human life is at risk we consider it plain common sense to reduce the risk, and we consider it to be irresponsible at best to ignore it.

Surely it is beyond dispute that a fetus *could* be human and surely it is beyond dispute that it is morally wrong to do anything which could place an innocent human life in jeopardy. These are beliefs, like the belief that black people are fully human, "that one can hold with absolute certainty that one is right, and . . . anyone who believes otherwise holds a position so implausible and so mendacious as to forfeit respect, indeed, to invite *force majeure*." This being so, is it not irrelevant that imposition of a ban on most abortions would stir up civil strife, just as it was irrelevant that civil rights legislation did likewise?

This is why, I suppose, it sounds so absurd to hear Governor Cuomo and Geraldine Ferraro say they oppose abortion for themselves but do not wish to impose their views on others. They would not, apparently, risk killing an innocent human being themselves, but they wouldn't dream of preventing others from taking that risk. For heaven's sake, why not?

RICHARD L. CLEARY
Dallastown, Pennsylvania

AVIATION DISPUTATION

To the editors:

I take exception to TRB's call for placing the burden for lessening airport overcrowding on general aviation aircraft ("Junior Birdmen," TNR, October 8). These aircraft should share in resolving the problem, as they have already done to a greater degree than have commercial airlines, but they should not be the first on the chopping block. Two things need to be remembered about the role of general aviation. First, though they account for only 10 percent of operations at airports targeted for flight restrictions, general aviation has already rerouted flights away from busy airports since the controllers' strike. Second, 75 percent of general aviation flights are for business and commercial activities, not pleasure use, and they are particularly important to connecting less densely populated areas with population centers, especially since deregulation. General aviation should do its part, but it shouldn't be the whipping boy.

DAN GLICKMAN
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

DESERT DEBATE

To the editors:

Your editorial "King Qaddafi, Colonel Hassan" (TNR, October 1) seriously misrepresents the legitimacy of Morocco's occupation of Western Sahara. The facts are these: in political disarray during Franco's final illness, Spain abandoned what had been Spanish Sahara when Morocco marched more than three hundred thousand civilians across the two territories' common border. The Madrid Agreement of November 14, 1975, drew the veil of legality over Morocco's aggression, dividing the former colony between Morocco and Mauritania. The International Court of Justice has rejected both countries' claims, not surprisingly to little avail. Mauritania was forced to sue for peace in 1979, but Morocco continues to sink a debilitating portion of its resources into the dry sands of Western Sahara. To label as a "rag-tag band of murderers" those Saharans who resisted Mauritanian occupation and who now resist Moroccan occupation is sheer ignorance, and helps perpetuate Morocco's unjust and ruinous course of action.

GROVE KOGER
Meridian, Ohio

The editors reply:

The Polisario *is* a rag-tag band of murderers. Its rule would never be legitimate, but in fact unjust and ruinous, much as that of its former benefactor and supplier, Colonel Qaddafi.

DOUBLE STANDARD?

To the editors:

Antony J. Blinken's coverage of Representative Joseph P. Addabbo's renomination for Congress ("Addabbo's Race," TNR, October 15) failed to avoid the double standard that usually appears when a black candidate challenges a white incumbent. How can a black candidate who appeals for black votes ever not be charged with playing "the politics of racial consciousness"? Would TNR give space to a race where a WASP incumbent in a 65 percent Jewish district was being challenged by a Jewish candidate going unapologetically after the Jewish vote? Mr. Golar brought in Jesse Jackson to nail down the black vote. In Baltimore Mr. Mondale brought Geraldine Ferraro to Little Italy in an effort to hold onto the Italian vote. What's the difference?

Mr. Golar lost almost all of his white support by making just the sort of ethnic appeal that is felt to be legitimate where the ethnic beneficiary is white. I wish Mr. Blinken had showed some indignation at this, instead of his satisfaction that Jesse Jackson's support may actually wind up hurting Mr. Mondale as much as it hurt Mr. Golar. Winning isn't everything. If Mr. Mondale loses but carries 90 percent of the black vote, history won't blame him. There's no shame in being the candidate of hope and opportunity.

HAROLD RIEDL JR.
Baltimore, Maryland

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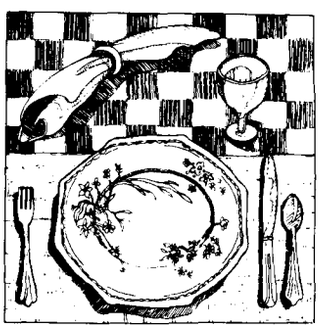

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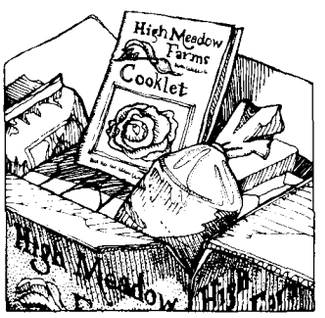

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FROM WASHINGTON

THE AGE OF REAGAN

Washington awoke Monday morning, October 8, and we sensed immediately that everything was different. I rushed to the window and peered out. An odd rumble filled the air. The light was suffused with a vibrant glow. "What's going on?" I shouted at a passerby.

"Haven't you heard?" she yelled back. "It's the age issue. It's here!"

The age issue! The big winner of the first Presidential debate. It went out there a no-no and it came back a star. It filled the town Monday, hit the papers Tuesday, and dominated the television news shows by Tuesday night.

Really, isn't there something a bit flighty about a political system that can take a matter that previously had been almost completely undiscussed in public and—with no change in the objective circumstances—make it overnight the main issue in a Presidential election campaign that has already been going full-tilt for more than a year? I'm not saying this is a matter that shouldn't be raised. Whether or not you think his age is a valid concern in deciding whether to vote for President Reagan (I think it's rubbish—he's always been gaga), it's clearly a matter many people think is relevant. They are entitled to the information they need to make up their minds. What's unnerving is the contrast between no attention one day and obsessive attention the next.

The reason the age issue hadn't surfaced previously has to do with journalists' self-appointed role as policemen of the political debate. There are many matters, most having to do with sex, that journalists find as fascinating as anyone else, but which they do not report, partly on the grounds that they think such things ought to be irrelevant and they fear others might not agree. This restraint is obviously a great strain on the reportorial ego. So when they are released from it, they react like dieters who are told that scientists have determined that chocolate cake has no calories after all. They gorge.

But what caused this particular dam to burst? The proximate cause was Reagan's performance in the first debate. He stumbled and babbled a bit more than he usually does on the rare occasions when his keepers give him verbal yard privileges. The bill of particulars might have included, among other evidence, saying at one point the exact opposite of what he meant. Trouble is, that was Mondale, age 57, who said, "I would like to see the total repeal of indexing," when he meant . . . well, we're still not sure what he meant, but it wasn't that. ("I did not use the right words," Mondale later explained, sort of.) In fact, both candidates were tongue-tied by infoglut and gaffobia. Reagan was worse. But he did not wander about the stage, shaking and wheezing, with "R. Reagan, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue" written in Nancy's hand on a card pinned to his shirt. Nor did he thank his hosts for being so hospitable "during these last few hours in my life." That was Reagan's opponent in the 1980 debate, President Carter.

The debate itself cannot explain the fuss that followed. Nevertheless, Reagan was just wobbly enough to start a couple of people whispering. These whispers echoed and magnified within our hermetic political culture of journalists, aides, and consultants, all encamped in Louisville with no one else to talk to and nothing else to talk about. That culture devours issues and spits out the bones faster than the human condition can supply issues that suit its peculiar appetites. The wimp issue was all used up and the political culture was gnawing disconsolately on the rather stringy issue of procedures for picking questioners in Presidential debates when Reagan did the beast the favor of uttering the words, "I'm all confused now." And how many TV watchers, by the way, were not also confused at that point about whether it was time, under the ridiculous rules, for a follow-up, a rebuttal, a concluding remark, a limerick, a pas de deux, or the recitation of the League of Women Voters oath?

Now, under the unwritten but equally ridiculous rules that guide the general political discourse, the age issue is something that must be discussed incessantly in the press, but may not be mentioned at all by the opposing camp. If the Mondale people mention openly what is obviously on their minds, the press will give birth to the hitting-below-the-belt issue and the inevitable-backlash issue. The press may report the obvious: Mondale aides are "clearly delighted that the issue has arisen," (according to *The Wall Street Journal*). But the pols may not acknowledge it: Mondale "has instructed them not to discuss it, even off the record . . ." (the same story goes on to say). How the aides indicated their delight without discussing it, we can only surmise. But rules are rules.

These rules are a main reason why the American political discourse is so boring, witless, and artificial. The etiquette police have taken off after George Bush for having said after his own debate with Geraldine Ferraro, "We tried to kick a little ass last night." The press actually treated this like a real story. Democratic Party political director Ann Lewis called the remark "extraordinary and revealing" and said it showed "a contempt for women," as if she had never used such language herself. British Labour Party leader Michael Foot once described Norman Tebbit, the British cabinet minister who was injured in last week's I.R.A. bombing, as "a semi-house-trained pole-cat." In America a remark like that would break the gaffe-meter.

Democrats have other good reasons to shy away from the age issue. It doesn't sit very well with their general position on age discrimination. During the Carter Administration, Congress and the President with great flourish amended the age discrimination laws to abolish mandatory retirement for all federal employees. It is against the law to force a government employee out of his job simply because of his age. These laws don't apply to top appointed and elected positions, of course. But if Democrats are delighted that voters might want to retire Reagan because of his age, what standard are they proposing for other high officials? As Mondale is reminding people on the stump, Supreme Court Justices have the power to make decisions which are more important and long lasting than the President's. But the Mondale campaign is doing a good job of keeping mum about mandatory retirement for Justices William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall, ages 78 and 80 respectively.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 5, 1984

DEMOCRATIC DELUSIONS

The Vice Presidential debate was enough to make one wish four years of good health on whoever wins the Presidency. Where demeanor was concerned, Geraldine Ferraro won hands (and eyes) down, if only because George Bush appeared so hysterical. In the first half hour he performed like an overly wound-up windup doll. Some of his obsequiousness (on his President's supposed acceptance of the blame for the latest Beirut bombing: "He's been wonderful about it in absolutely everything that happens") may be attributed to the institution of the Vice Presidency—the well-known capon effect. But what to make of Mr. Bush's astonishing imitation of the President's aw-shucks head-cocking style? An even higher form of flattery?

The real trouble, though, was with what the candidates said. True, since 1960 it has been known that debates are not won on substance. Unless a gaffe is committed, the candidates' answers are remembered about as long as the remarks of contestants in the Miss America pageant. The transcript reveals no gaffes. But it does reveal some curious conceptions of what the world is like—particularly, it must be said, on the part of Ms. Ferraro. Consider:

On the role of the C.I.A. Q. "Do you believe that [spying and covert activity] have a legitimate role in countering terrorist activity around the world?" A. "I think they have a legitimate role in gathering information." Mr. Bush, reasonably, inferred that Ms. Ferraro was excluding covert action. She took umbrage at the inference: "Please don't categorize my answers." She never took the opportunity to deny the inference, something that is easily done. How about, "I believe in covert action in limited, carefully chosen situations, after proper consultation with Congress"? The press, distracted by kicked ass and other excitements, seems not too interested in following up the point.

On massive retaliation. "If the Soviet Union were to ever believe that they could challenge the United States with any sort of nuclear forces or otherwise, if I were in a position of leadership in this country they would be assured that they would be met with swift, concise, and certain retaliation." In one of the early primary debates when the Democratic candidates were asked what they would do in response to a Soviet nuclear attack (on Europe), they said that they did not want to answer because one should create uncertainty in the mind of the opponent. ("You have to keep adversaries guessing," explained Senator Cranston.) That, of course, was the right answer for a Democratic primary, the wrong answer for the United States. In Soviet calculations of the consequences of nuclear aggression, it is not uncertainty of retaliation we want included, but certainty. Ms. Ferraro got that exactly right. Bravo. Now, will she tell us whether a retaliatory attack would target cities, a policy condemned by Catholic bishops and suicidal to boot? Or would it target military installations, the essence of a war-fighting strategy? If she wants to portray herself as someone who can play nuclear hardball, fine. But she will find that realism sullies, and it will not sit well with the lachrymose ("as a mother") anti-nuclear sloganeering in which she frequently indulges.

On Soviet Jewry. "The Soviet Union in 1979 allowed 51,000 people to emigrate. Because, in large measure, [of] this Administration's policies over the last four years, 1,313 people got out of the Soviet Union in 1983 and 1984. That's not a great record on human rights and certainly not a record on human rights achievements." That is what is known in politics as a cheap shot. (As cheap, in its way, as the shot Mr. Bush took when he accused the Democrats of saying the Marines in Beirut "died in shame.") Ms. Ferraro's shot was cheap because the decline of emigration from the Soviet Union in fact began in 1980 with the rapid deterioration of U.S.-Soviet relations that followed the invasion of Afghanistan and President Carter's principled and correct response to it. Emigration suffered another steep drop after the Jaruzelski coup in Poland. In any case, when the Soviets do awful things to their own people, and

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to others, why the reflexive need to lay the blame on Americans? We're not suggesting that cheap shots are forbidden in campaigns. But when they are taken, they deserve to be pointed out.

THE TRANSCRIPT is kinder to Mr. Bush than to Ms. Ferraro on foreign policy. But that is a relative statement. Consider Mr. Bush on terrorism: "The answer then really lies in the Middle East—and terror is happening all over the world—is [sic] a solution to the Palestine question. The follow on [to] Camp David under the umbrella of the Reagan September of 1982 initiative." First, the diction. If "Judea and Samaria" is deemed an impermissible synonym for "West Bank," because it preemptively favors the claims of one side, then evenhandedness requires that the issue be called the "Arab-Israeli" (or, if you prefer, "Israeli-Palestinian")—not the "Palestine question." The latter question was settled in November 1947.

Then, the substance. It is very bad politics to say a month before a Presidential election that the source of terror in the Middle East and "all over the world" is Israel's presence on the West Bank (which the President's September 1982 initiative seeks to cure). Worse, it is absurd—and the fact that Mr. Bush would say it at such a sensitive time suggests that he shares this silly prejudice with the most recalcitrant State Department Arabist. Mr. Bush, those Americans were killed by Shiite terror, or, as you yourself put it, "Khomeini with his radical Islam resorting to government-sponsored terrorism." Giving the West Bank to the Hashemite King of Jordan is not the kind of solution "radical Islam" has in mind. Kuwaiti power stations and airports are blown up by Iran, ships are mined in the Red Sea, Margaret Thatcher and her cabinet blown out of their hotel—and not for the restoration of Nablus.

Also, Mr. Bush's repeated references to the "perfecting of democracy" in El Salvador are gross exaggerations. It is one thing to argue that the government of El Salvador is friendly to the United States, that it has begun an electoral process, and that its leader is a democrat who has surprised everyone with the determination and imagination of his search for peace. It's another thing to talk about El Salvador as if it's a plucky little Switzerland, which just happens to specialize in producing human rights violations instead of watches.

Mr. Bush's naïveté was, however, nicely balanced by Ms. Ferraro's. "I think what you have to do is work with the government of Nicaragua . . . to achieve a pluralistic society." How, please? Send Tomas Borgé a Spanish translation of John Stuart Mill? For some time now Arturo Cruz has been struggling valiantly for pluralism in Nicaragua (and in different ways so have Alfonso Robelo and Edén Pastora). Has Ms. Ferraro uttered a word of support for him? In a long interview with Leslie Gelb published in the September 18 *New York Times*, Mr. Mondale did not mention his name or his cause. "Contadora," now ritually incanted by Democrats as a solution to Central America, may (on the most optimistic assessment) bring a measure of peace to the region. An agent of pluralism it is not.

The discussion of Central America in the Vice Presidential debate points to a much deeper problem. It was reflected at the Congressional level in action taken during that same week. House Democrats succeeded in cutting off aid to the *contras*, and in giving the House a veto when the question comes up again next year. That effectively means the end of U.S. support for either the F.D.N. or ARDE, and, unless the *contras* find other countries treading where the United States fears, the end of existing military pressure on Nicaragua. Furthermore, the shutdown came at a particularly inopportune time, days before Arturo Cruz's final attempt to negotiate (with the mediation of Willy Brandt) a deal with the Sandinistas for free elections, essentially in return for a cease-fire. Congress instead decreed its own cease-fire. The final negotiations collapsed. That outcome may have been preordained, but the fact that Congress could have so blithely removed a crucial card as Mr. Cruz's last hand was being dealt is an index of how carelessly—we are being charitable—it treats this country's, and democracy's, few remaining friends in the region. The elections of November 4 will go ahead as scheduled. Daniel Ortega will be Nicaragua's next president. Pluralism is not on his agenda.

The consolidation of a Leninist regime in Nicaragua ("an increasingly totalitarian state," Mr. Mondale calls it) will not bring peace to the region. On the contrary, it is much more likely to create a situation in which Americans become involved militarily. After all, even Mr. Mondale agrees that, if the Sandinistas were to establish a Soviet base, that would require a military response from the United States. What will prevent Mr. Ortega, having consolidated power at home, from arming his regime with advanced Soviet-bloc weapons? His government has already announced that it will accept shipment of MiGs later this year. What would a President Mondale do when they arrived? Is it more in the interest of peace to follow a policy that would require an American military response to a serious threat, or to extend aid to an indigenous opposition trying to change the course of that regime now?

Mr. Mondale, to his credit, recognizes a threat when he sees one. Not so the Hollywood left. So long as the threat comes dressed in fatigues and anti-imperialist slogans, it will be celebrated, as was Comandante Ortega during his West Coast tour of the stars. And why does a prominent Democratic Representative become a sponsor of a pro-Sandinista road show touring several U.S. cities later this year (featuring among others the former Grenadan delegate to the O.A.S.!)?

Central America has turned into a political game, and Democrats tend to play it irresponsibly. If Ronald Reagan wins the election, they can get away with it for four more years, solemnly intoning "democracy" and "peace," while removing any Sandinista incentive to move in either direction. But what if Mr. Mondale wins? Then the threat has to be faced and the fun stops. The Democratic Party is creating problems that will grow, and someday it will have to face them, without slogans.

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NOTEBOOK

□ GOLD WATCH DEPARTMENT. The name of James K. Glassman, readers of the small type will have already noticed, has floated gently up the masthead this week—from publisher, his former position, to contributing editor, his new one. Why the promotion? Well, Mr. Glassman has accepted part-time work as president of *Atlantic Monthly* and executive vice president of *U.S. News and World Report*. His three years as publisher of TNR were marked by a dramatic improvement in the magazine's economic health, but in addition to his business responsibilities he was an extraordinarily valuable presence on the editorial side of the magazine—as an editor, writer, art director, and all-around kibitzer. We'll miss Jim Glassman's business acumen; happily, though, we can still draw on his editorial skills. See this week's "Washington Diarist."

□ CALL TO PENITENCE: A mistake in the editing of M.P.'s "Cambridge Diarist" ("Marks of Identity," TNR, October 22) transformed "the wanderings of Exodus" into the published (and incorrect) "the wanderings of Exile." The editor concerned has been reassigned to the magazine's desert bureau.

The empty suit as Vice President.

SPURIOUS GEORGE

Philadelphia

THE MORNING AFTER his debate with Geraldine Ferraro, George Bush stood before a crowd of cheering longshoremen on the docks of Elizabeth, New Jersey, while Floyd Patterson and Joe Frazier outfitted him with enormous boxing gloves. "*Fantastic* individuals," chirped Bush. Then he whispered to a union official, man to man, "We tried to kick a little ass last night." But his sly smirk rapidly contorted into an expression of embarrassed rage when he realized that his microphone was still on. "Whoops! Oh God, he heard me! Turn that thing off!"

With this crude display the Vice President accomplished the opposite of what he intended. His strained effort to be one of the boys proved nothing so much as his distance from them. He defended his gracelessness as "an old Texas football expression," only underlining his inauthenticity. Bush never played "Texas football." He was captain of the baseball team, and the team was Yale's. One of the boys is one of the many things George Bush is not.

Bush is a Yankee who tried to make it as a cowboy, and the Stetson makes him a very peculiar-looking Yankee indeed. He's too conservative to be a New England Republican, yet he's not a blood-red Sunbelt conservative, and he's not a moderate, either. He votes in Texas, his only home is in Maine, and he works in Washington. The Vice Presidency, a job that demands no independent identity, compounds his identity crisis. Even larger-than-life figures such as Lyndon Johnson were diminished by it. What happens to someone who is not larger than life?

Bush is the Reagan understudy without the Reagan audience. He's not at home within his party. Yet he was to the Republican manor born, unlike Reagan, the former left-wing Democrat who comfortably toodled through Ohio in Harry Truman's campaign train. How much money, one wonders, did old Prescott Bush give to Dewey? Bush's lineage is too old-Republican—it goes back way before Democrats for Nixon—so he must constantly prove himself as a Reaganite. His political trademark is to appease the right wing without endearing himself to it. He cultivates those who hold him in greatest contempt. He is the patrician Willy Loman; he wants to be not just liked but well-liked. He desperately craves acceptance by his lessers in order to get ahead. But no matter how much the Skull and Bones member panders, he fails to gain admittance to the outsiders' club. "I'm a conservative, but I'm not a nut about it," he has said. He can't, it seems, stop himself from being inauthentic. Bush embodies all of the contradictions of the Republican Party without Reagan, but he is not the resolution.

BUSH'S IS AN all-American story that defines him as out of place. He had the good fortune to have had as his father Prescott Bush, the managing director of Brown Brothers Harriman, the investment bank, and later a U.S. Senator from Connecticut. George escaped the fatherland, Connecticut, for the frontier, Texas, where he succeeded as an oilman. He could claim that he lived the virtues of inner-directedness—he had made himself through willpower (and, incidentally, family money). Like the ambitious eldest son of a hereditary peer desiring a parliamentary seat in his own right, he ran for the House, finding a rotten borough in Houston and serving two terms. Once he was credentialed as a genuine Sunbelt politician, his Eastern Establishment connections advanced him forward from job to job. Like Frank Merriwell, the fictional Yale hero, Bush was always a winner, but never transformed by experience. His jobs didn't shape him; they merely exalted him. In the meantime, he edged away from Republican tradition. He sought to shed the old skin by becoming a conservative. He began to take his cues from the outsiders' world, whose rhythm he didn't quite grasp. He tried to establish his right-wing *bona fides* early. In 1964 he endorsed Barry Goldwater for the Republican nomination. When he decided to run for President himself in 1980, he gathered around him a tight group of conservative cadres, as well as some blue-blood C.I.A. types. One of the conservatives was Vic Gold, press secretary to Goldwater and Spiro Agnew. "I knew what Bush's positioning was," says Gold. "John Anderson defined him as Ronald Reagan in a Brooks Brothers suit. He was correct, except

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that Bush doesn't wear Brooks Brothers suits. His great appeal was that he could represent the conservative virtues we stood for in the Goldwater campaign in a way that could be sold without the sharper edges. It was just presented in a way that was more acceptable to the so-called moderates."

Bush ran for President on his résumé, not on his ideology. His slogan—"a President we won't have to train"—was aimed not only at Jimmy Carter but at Ronald Reagan. Bush even attempted to sanitize his résumé. He dropped his memberships in the Trilateral Commission and the Council on Foreign Relations, centers of "insider" conspiracy in right-wing demonology. He called attention through indirection to Reagan's weakness, his age, by jogging in every primary state. Still, Reagan beat him. For Reagan is not only a man, but the embodiment of an ideology. Bush supported "conservatism" but denounced "voodoo economics." His instincts kept him several paces behind the natural leader.

As Vice President, Bush has quietly romanced the right, trying to ingratiate himself with conservative activists across the country, attending their events and returning their phone calls. He has also given many of them, including evangelical new rightists, access to the White House. Jerry Falwell, who seeks status at least as much as salvation, has emerged as an outspoken admirer of Bush. Yet the New Right is never satisfied. No Administration can fulfill all its demands, which are always changing. Reagan, however, isn't a profitable target of attacks because of his popularity among the rank and file. Thus, Bush has become the symbol of the enemy within, the "insiders," who have prevented the attainment of conservative perfection. His defense of Reaganism is a defense against the right. Clearly, to Bush, the price is worth it. The prize is the Presidency, perhaps in 1988, perhaps sooner. It was, after all, Bush who first campaigned against Reagan on the age issue.

IN 1984, an unexpected obstacle has loomed in his path. In competing against Geraldine Ferraro, Bush would be measured against new standards. The immigrant's daughter speaks too fast and too loud. She is indisputably female, but hardly deferential. Her money is too crisp. She hasn't waited enough generations to transform the primitive accumulation of capital into ennobling public service. Her rise has been too swift. She hasn't held enough jobs. As President, she would have to be trained, like Reagan. But, unlike Bush, she is not disoriented within her party; she is not trying to assimilate. In partisan terms, she makes *him* look like an immigrant.

Thus Ferraro became the object of his resentments and frustrations. Barbara Bush, the white-haired proper dowager, called her a "$4 million—I can't say it, but it rhymes with rich." ("Why is that nice old lady calling me a bitch?" Ferraro asked an aide.) Then Bush's press secretary, Peter Teeley, called her "bitchy." The Bush team's tacky psyche-warfare was the opening round of the debate.

Here at last was Bush's big chance to show himself as the unabashed Reaganite, to defend Reaganism better than Reagan. For the first half of the debate, he had great difficulty establishing a consistent tone. His voice, birdlike, ranged from fluttery to screechy: "Whine on harvest moon!" His cheerleading was so breathless that some of his locutions came out unintentionally ridiculous: "We think of civil rights as something like crime in your neighborhoods." He condescended to Ferraro: "Let me help you . . ." and he was met by a steely feminist fury that he is not likely to have encountered at home: "I almost resent, Vice President Bush, your patronizing attitude. . . ."

Bush's patronizing of Ferraro, however, was mild compared to his patronizing of Reagan: "I wish everybody could've seen that one—the President giving the facts to Gromyko in all of these nuclear meetings—excellent, right on top of that subject matter, and I'll bet you that Gromyko went back to the Soviet Union saying, 'Hey, listen, this President is calling the shots. We'd better move.' " Did Bush mean that those who didn't see that one—i.e, the entire electorate—might quite reasonably believe that Reagan doesn't know the facts, is not on top of the subject matter, and isn't calling the shots? Does this President need more training? And did Bush himself have all his facts straight? He declared portentously that both Mondale and Ferraro had asserted that our Marines in Lebanon "died in shame." Was Bush on top of that subject matter?

Bush's performance still far outshone Reagan's. He remembered to claim the economy as a success, to assail the Carter-Mondale record repeatedly, and to hail The Future. But his rendition of the conservative vision wasn't like Reagan's wide-screen, Dolby-sound vision. Bush's was more like a Chamber of Commerce pamphlet. He talked of "opportunity" and the "American dream," but the only specific dream he mentioned was one he described as his own: "I know what it is to have a dream and have a job and work hard to employ others. . . ." In the debate his debilitated ideology passed as adequate. Many of the television network commentators instantly declared him the victor. And the polls, partly reflecting the Heisenberg effect of media influence, showed Bush a slight winner.

FAR MORE IMPORTANT, though, both for the immediate election and for Bush's future, was the general impression he left with the debate audience. His widest national exposure resulted in a jump in his unfavorability rating of 7 points to 26 percent, while his favorability remained flat at 63 percent. However, almost overnight, Ferraro's favorability increased 11 points to 60 percent, and her unfavorability decreased by 6 points to 33 percent. Since the debate raised Ferraro and lowered Bush in the public's estimation, who truly won?

Bush's favorability rating appeared to increase dramatically only among one group—the New Right, which dislikes him in principle. Richard Viguerie, a guiding light of the movement, sent Bush a telegram: "Congratulations. Super job. You almost sounded and acted like a populist." But Bush's flawless defense of Reaganism hadn't really won any true converts. "Conservatives aren't going to feel

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different about Bush in the future," says Viguerie. "He knows the words, but he doesn't know the tune. I couldn't black-talk, jive, and sound natural."

In the battle for the Reagan succession, Bush will almost certainly reprise his basic 1980 strategy. He will stand for conservatism with a moderate face. And next time he'll have another credential with which to impress. Bush, however, is a conservative, not the moderates' champion. The 1988 Republican campaign is shaping up as a factional struggle within the conservative movement, not a contest between traditional Republicans and conservatives. Bush can be counted on *not* to make a last-ditch defense of the old Republicanism; he has never done it. He has already succeeded in disinheriting himself, without getting the credit for it.

"Whoops!" Bush's locker-room towel-snapping at his opponent made the "winner" suddenly appear to be a gaffe-master. Declining to apologize, he stumbled backwards into the "died in shame" controversy again. Nobody, it turned out, could support his claim that either Mondale or Ferraro had ever made the slur he accused them of. Standing before the networks' cameras, Bush frantically quoted from dictionaries to prove his point by word association. Then he got Webster's and the American Heritage dictionaries confused. His spontaneity in the 1984 campaign was at an end. Vice Presidents live on short leashes. The Reagan campaign terminated all his press conferences and unrehearsed appearances. He had achieved forced isolation—the final stage of Reaganization. Turn that thing off!

SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

Even if Ferraro can't carry the team, she's ready for the big leagues.

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

VICE PRESIDENTIAL DEBATES are a sideshow, at best, to the main action of a Presidential election, but the pressures on George Bush and Geraldine Ferraro going into their October 11 meeting in Philadelphia nonetheless were enormous. After President Reagan's disastrous debate with Walter Mondale, Bush had to perform more than creditably. It was up to him to defend the Reagan record, undercut the Democratic case, and project some vision of the next four years in a way that Reagan did not. Moreover, this was Bush's opportunity to show Republican voters that he is their strongest potential leader for the post-Reagan era. He could not afford to lose this debate to a woman, and yet he could not appear mean and unchivalrous either.

On the other side, Ferraro had to demonstrate that she is more than just a three-term U.S. Representative from Queens, that she is a person qualified to be Vice President of the United States and, if it came to it, President. She had to show herself knowledgeable about the full range of domestic and foreign policy issues that Bush has been intimately involved with for years. She had to seem tough enough to negotiate with the Soviet Union, but not brassy. In short, she had to convince America that a woman can be President.

Who was under the greater burden? It's hard to say. But it seems to me that how the two candidates handled the pressure is at least as important in the long run as who the public thinks "won" the debate. What happened was another role reversal like the one that occurred in the Presidential debate, when Mondale the statistician traded places with Reagan the visionary. In the Bush-Ferraro meeting, the super-credentialed Brahmin Yalie behaved like a frightened oaf, while the Italian-American ex-housewife displayed calm, breeding, and self-possession. Under pressure, Bush became a laughable sycophant toward the President, blurted out weirdly inappropriate interjections ("Let's talk about the World Series"), and resorted repeatedly to Nixonesque misrepresentations of Democratic positions, of which the worst was the allegation that Mondale and Ferraro had said that U.S. Marines killed in Lebanon had "died in shame."

Before the debate, Bush's press secretary called Ferraro "bitchy," and Bush's wife called her an "I can't say it, but it rhymes with rich." During the debate, Bush patronized Ferraro and got appropriately spanked for it on national television. After the debate, Bush joshed with a longshoreman's union official that he had "tried to kick a little ass last night." The entire performance demonstrated an utter lack of self-confidence and *gravitas*, the seriousness of spirit that one expects in a national leader.

This is not to say that Geraldine Ferraro decisively demonstrated that she is qualified to be President. There is still a touch of Eliza Doolittle in Ferraro. Her measured speech—by George, I think she's got it!—was the product

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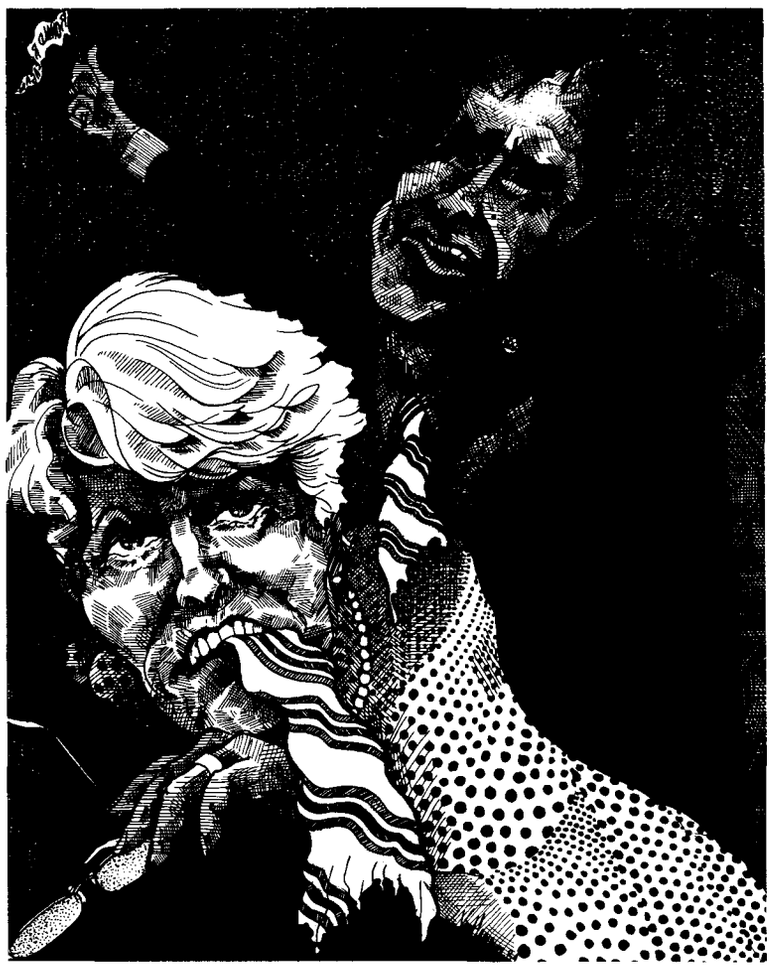
of practice and discipline; it is not yet second nature. When asked by Robert Boyd of Knight-Ridder newspapers about her lack of experience in military affairs, she got excessively testy, demanding to know, "Are you saying I would have to have fought in a war in order to love peace?" when Boyd obviously was asking about her qualifications to be commander in chief, and about the possibility that the Soviets would take advantage of her because she is a woman.

Some day, one hopes, such questions will not have to be asked in America because we will have had the kind of experience with strong women leaders that Britain, Israel, and India have had. Ferraro ultimately gave the right sort of answer to Boyd's question, although there was an interesting slip in it. She said, "if the Soviet Union were to ever believe that they could challenge the United States with any sort of nuclear forces or otherwise, if I were in a position of leadership in this country they would be assured that they would be met with swift, *concise*, and certain retaliation."

Concise is not a fighting word, but a talking word, suggesting that deep down inside her, Ferraro thinks she can respond to nuclear blackmail with a verbal put-down. Like Bush's little-noticed reference to civil rights as "civil race," Ferraro's slip was minor but meaningful; and it was of a piece with the rest of her foreign policy views. Walter Mondale has indicated that, knowing what he knows now about the danger to U.S. students in Grenada, he would have authorized an invasion of the island just as President Reagan did. Ferraro cannot bring herself to say the same, even to support Mondale. "If the students were really in danger," she told me in an interview, "I think we could have found some way to negotiate their safety." She went on to criticize the Reagan Administration for failing to negotiate over a period of years with the Marxist government of Grenada, neglecting the fact that this government had been violently overthrown by the time of the invasion.

Her answers to questions on Central America also suggest that she abhors military action so profoundly that she needs to find American policy constantly in the wrong. She said that in El Salvador, the United States "is not pushing the head of government to move toward correction of . . . human rights problems," when the United States in fact helped elect a Salvadoran President who is doing just that. She hinted she believes that Nicaragua's November 4 elections will be fair—when they clearly will be nothing of the kind—and said that the United States should work for a solution to Central America's problems by "pressuring the neighboring countries of Honduras, of Costa Rica, and of El Salvador to promote the kinds of society that we can all live with."



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Ferraro's foreign policy fits a stereotype—or perhaps archetype—of womanliness. It is forgiving, nurturing, and mediating, rather than forceful, assertive, and dynamic. And yet there is a feisty, don't-tread-on-me quality to Ferraro that suggests that if she actually understood the grim reality of how Marxist-Leninist males behave in this world, she would eventually act more like Golda Meir than George McGovern. Ferraro is not a wimp. In a Chicago suburb the other day, she was introduced by Representative Daniel Rostenkowski, who once had rejected her for a place on the powerful House Ways and Means Committee that he chairs. Before a throng of Rostenkowski's fellow Polish-Americans, she thanked him and said, with a cut, "I knew I'd won the debate when Danny Rostenkowski canceled his golf game to be with me today." After a respite, Ferraro is again being heckled by anti-abortion demonstrators. At one event near Chicago, she shut them up with a promise to meet with them after her rally; at another, she silenced them with a lecture on the constitutional right to free speech.

Ferraro's aides say that she is very much a woman in her personal relationships. They say she attaches importance to their family obligations—and her own—as well as to the political task at hand. She joshes with staff members she trusts and criticizes bad performance, but she never

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screams at or demeans incompetents; she merely replaces them. She is also a feminist who refers often to her role as a pioneer in politics representing the aspirations of all American women. In some closed-door meetings with women, she reportedly has evoked and identified with heartfelt expressions of emotion—frustration at the refusal of male society to grant equal opportunity to women, and joy at the turn toward full justice that her nomination represents.

AT THE SAME TIME, in Congress, Ferraro has advanced very much as one of the boys, playing politics the traditional way. A scholar who has watched her progress closely says, "She's an old-style pol who believes in the values of working hard, respecting the leadership and the system, being expert at something, and being a team player rather than a media standout. She is a principled liberal, though she also has a strong sense of representing her district, as on tuition tax credits and busing."

Some other Democrats who have watched her consider her "little better than a party hack" who achieved her position by currying favor with Speaker O'Neill and capitalizing on pressure from the women's movement on Mondale to get herself nominated for Vice President. One such critic said, "The rap on Ronald Reagan is his showmanship, but that's fair comment on her, too. She's being judged favorably on her performance on the campaign trail, on how she reads a speech written by others and turns on a crowd. Because she's a woman, people don't want to hold her to a standard higher than this, but the fact is she is only a three-term Congresswoman with no distinguished record on issues and no demonstrations of leadership." Some critics argue, too, that she has been posing as a middle-class daughter of immigrants when in fact she is wealthy, employs a full-time uniformed black maid named Ernestine, and owns a boat and vacation homes on Fire Island and in the Virgin Islands. The fact that Ferraro's immediate family's net worth exceeds that of George Bush may have had more to do with Mrs. Bush's outburst against Ferraro ("rhymes with rich") than any actual behavior of the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate.

The criticisms have some validity, but Ferraro remains an estimable political force, a real find for the Democratic Party. She is charismatic, cool and, apparently, very smart. According to her press secretary, Francis O'Brien, nine days before her now-legendary two-hour televised press conference on her family finances August 21, she understood only about 40 percent of the details she had to master to carry off that make-or-break defense of her honesty. "After that," he says, "I was never worried about her learning what she had to know for the debate with Bush. She is the fastest learner I have ever met in my life."

It's true that if Ferraro were not a woman, she would not—as a third term Representative—be running for Vice President. But then, if she were a man, given her brains and natural political instincts, she might well have moved further along in politics at an earlier age. Her intelligence is not of the reflective sort; she will never be a philosopher queen. A Democrat who has worked with her said, "What she wants to know from you is the correct political answer. 'There's a gap in my knowledge; fill it,' she says. She is not naturally inquisitive or interested in information for its own sake." It's claimed on her behalf that she is qualified to be Vice President or President on the basis of her experience with issues as chairman of the Democratic Platform Committee, but in fact she dealt very little with the substance of the platform and spent most of her time presiding over hearings, while representatives of candidates Mondale, Gary Hart, and Jesse Jackson made the compromises and worked out the language of the platform. One who was there says that "she did a terrible job of trying to explain the platform to Mondale" at their first meeting at his home in Minnesota prior to the convention. "She wasn't on top of the material. She didn't know the details. She had to keep deferring to staff to explain things and she was nervous. It was after that meeting that the reports came out that Mondale was unimpressed with her. Their second meeting went better."

FERRARO HAS demonstrated both courage and an ability to conceptualize during her conflict with the Roman Catholic Church over abortion, arguing that as a public official she has an obligation to represent all of her constituents, not just Catholics. But she displayed a lack of both historical and political sense in pledging that if she faced excommunication over an issue of public policy, she would resign her office rather than fight the church. It's highly unlikely that such a crisis would ever arise, but Ferraro implies that if she became President the Pope would have the power to unseat her. In 1960 John F. Kennedy firmly asserted that the church would have no authority over an American Catholic President. At a minimum, Ferraro has potentially re-opened a divisive religious issue in America. At worst, it suggests she does not grasp what national sovereignty and independence are all about.

Ferraro's debate performance showed she can absorb volumes of issue material and back it with facility and self-assurance in what amounts to an oral examination with 50 million nonexperts in attendance. The ability to pass such a pressure test does not mean that she is qualified to be President, although failing it as miserably as George Bush did ought to raise questions about his ability to stand up in a real crisis. Ferraro still has a lot to learn to be President, but the chances are she will not have to be President anytime soon. Even if the Democrats win the election, which still doesn't seem likely, Mondale is young enough and healthy enough that Ferraro would have a first-rate White House education before having to think about actually governing. The more likely scenario for Ferraro is a 1986 shot at the seat occupied by New York's Republican junior Senator, Alfonse d'Amato, or a straight run for the Presidency in 1988. This year, she has arrived in the big leagues. She is the Jackie Robinson of American politics, and though a rookie, she is proving that she can play. □

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In the Senate race, Gramm and Doggett elbow aside the good ol' boys.

TEMPEST IN TEXAS

BY PAUL BURKA

Austin, Texas

BOTH CANDIDATES in the 1984 Texas Senate race disdain the gospel according to Sam Rayburn, the late Speaker of the House: "To get along, go along." Liberal Democrat Lloyd Doggett and conservative Republican Phil Gramm are true believers, and their campaign to succeed the retiring Republican incumbent, John Tower, seems to be wiping away the last vestiges of the southern character of Texas politics. Acceptability to the local bourbons has long been the essential criterion for success here. But neither Gramm nor Doggett remotely resembles Texas' other Senator, Lloyd Bentsen, the model of a Texas establishment politician. Bentsen's mission in the Senate has been to pile up influence and deliver the goods when called upon by the big boys back home. The Doggett-Gramm race is dominated by an entirely different style of politics, a politics swept up in national rather than state issues and dependent on big media rather than local organization. It is more similiar to California politics today than to Texas politics even ten years ago. If Doggett wins—and the Democrats have little hope of regaining the Senate if he does not—it will complete that transformation. But if he loses, the Texas Democrats will confront Sam Rayburn's nightmare: a party where nobody can get along *or* go along.

The stakes in this year's race were actually set almost a quarter of a century ago, when Lyndon Johnson gave up his Senate seat to become John Kennedy's Vice President in 1961. In the ensuing special election, liberals, rather than support a mossback conservative Democrat, bolted from the party to help elect Tower, then an obscure professor of government. The idea was that by proving they held the balance of power, liberals would drive conservatives into the Republican Party. As for the price—electing a Republican Senator—well, the apostates could always return to the fold and knock him off next time around, presumably with one of their own.

The liberals' strategy wasn't exactly inspired. Tower won reelection three times. The liberals will finally be rid of him in January—assuming, that is, he doesn't move up to become Reagan's second-term Secretary of Defense, a frequent Washington scenario these days. As for the other part of their plan, replacing Tower with one of their own, this year's Senate race is the opportunity the liberals have been waiting for all these years. But the entire strategy rests on the assumption that given the choice between a liberal Democrat and a Republican, Texas voters will choose the former. So far the polls disagree: most show Gramm ahead by at least ten points.

Even without such high stakes, the Doggett-Gramm confrontation would be great political theater. They are natural adversaries, bred for this battle. Doggett, a 37-year-old state senator from Austin, is a prototype national Democrat. His background is limousine liberal: son of a prominent dentist, married to the daughter of an independent oilman, student body president at the University of Texas—an office that has launched numerous political careers. Gramm is a third-term Representative and a former Democrat driven out of the party for promoting Reaganomics on the House floor. His background is hardscrabble: son of a partially paralyzed army sergeant, college student by grace of a government loan, economics professor at Texas A&M—a university whose Spartan tradition (all-male and all-military until the mid-1960s) and remoteness from the state's political establishment make it thoroughly unlike U.T. Doggett has a long, thin face, deep-set, sorrowful eyes, thick hair that sometimes plops over his collar in back, a limber torso, and an urbane voice with scarcely a trace of Texas accent. Gramm's face is round, his hair thin, receding, and close-cropped, and his voice—at least when he's campaigning—thick with drawl and "y'all." When he walks he leads with his chin, his neck thrusting his head forward like a pigeon.

Doggett was a long shot with one thing going for him when he entered the race for the Democratic Senatorial nomination: the trend of Texas politics. In addition to governor, lieutenant governor, and attorney general, the state elects the officials who manage its public lands, its treasury, its farms, and its tax collections. In 1982 the party's nominee for governor, Mark White, was a moderate, but four of the five choices for the secondary offices were liberals. When all the Democrats won comfortably in the general election, a lot of people concluded that left-of-center politics was no longer a bar to winning a statewide election.

That was good news for Doggett. He was stymied in the state senate, where, as Willie Morris once wrote, the plush green furnishings and sober atmosphere were reminiscent of "a mortuary parlor, which befitted an institution whose greatest contribution had been the sure death of any faint-

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ly progressive piece of legislation." The senate's diminutive size (thirty-one members) and peculiar traditions (two-thirds of the senators must favor a bill before it can reach the floor) put a premium on clubbishness and log-rolling. Doggett didn't fit in. Earnest and driven, he didn't have a trace of the smarmy good ol' boy in him. His pristine ethics ("He's so honest you could play craps with him over the phone," a colleague once said) were out of place. So were his intense work habits. Once Doggett went to his Capitol office on Christmas afternoon, only to become incensed that the building was locked. Though he served for ten years, he never did become a member of the senate club.

Nonetheless, Doggett achieved stardom. Lacking the votes to pass major liberal legislation, he learned to play defense, making the senate's oddball rules work for instead of against him. He produced a point of order to kill a water plan that was a thinly concealed boondoggle. When conservatives tried to move up Texas' Presidential primary in 1979 to boost John Connally's ill-fated campaign for the Republican nomination, Doggett broke the senate's quorum by leading eleven sympathizers, dubbed the "Killer Bees," into hiding for four days. To cope with anticonsumer bills, he became the senate's foremost exponent of the filibuster—a deadly weapon because every delay in a 140-day biennial session means doom for dozens of bills. The first order of daily business in the senate was to see if Doggett's white tennis shoes were prominently displayed on his desk; their presence, indicating his intention to stand on his feet at length, sent senators scurrying around the floor in search of a compromise to let business go on.

CARTOON BY BEN SARGENT FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Despite Doggett's hard-earned respect from the political community, he was accorded little chance of beating front-runner Bob Krueger, a middle-of-the-road former Representative who narrowly lost to Tower in 1978. But a third Democrat entered the race: conservative Representative Kent Hance of Lubbock who sapped Kreuger's strength in the enormous rural areas of West Texas. In an ideological battle, Krueger found his support eroding to the left and right. On May 5 the three contenders each drew a third of the vote. With just two thousand votes out of a million separating all three, Hance led the ticket and Doggett edged out Krueger for second and the right to go on to the runoff primary in June.

Not since the liberal-conservative holy wars of the 1950s had Texas seen a fight like the Doggett-Hance contest. Neither candidate made the slightest move toward the center. The race turned into a referendum on the ideological status of the Democratic Party, and the party turned out to be almost evenly divided. Hance piled up huge majorities in rural West Texas, but Doggett edged him out by dominating the big cities. The final margin once again was less than two thousand votes out of a million.

Gramm's nomination was considerably easier. He garnered 80 percent of the vote in a four-way primary, far better than the 28 percent he polled in his first bid for the Senate, in 1976. He was a Democrat then, taking on Lloyd Bentsen, the entrenched incumbent. Bentsen has impeccable conservative credentials, but Gramm ran at him from the right anyway, earning lots of ink, if not many votes, by calling Bentsen everything from a big spender to "a part-time Senator who has turned his back on Texas." Two years later, Gramm, still a Democrat, was elected to Congress from a district north of Houston.

In 1981 he achieved national prominence by co-sponsoring the Gramm-Latta amendment that enacted Ronald Reagan's massive cuts in social programs. It wasn't just his defection that enraged fellow Democrats; it was the way he did it. After attending Democratic caucuses on budget strategy, he promptly ran to the White House and tattled. In December 1982 the Democratic leadership decided to punish Gramm by not reappointing him to the budget committee. Gramm met the snub with a bold stroke. Instead of merely switching parties, something that would have been worth a couple of days in the limelight at the most, he announced that he was resigning his seat to seek

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reelection as a Republican. The ensuing special election became a continuing story, with national implications for Reaganomics. Gramm had $700,000 in the bank and an irresistible message. "I had to choose between representing Tip O'Neill or y'all," he said in a TV spot, "and I chose to represent y'all." His victory made him a hero among state Republicans. When Tower decided to retire, Gramm quickly locked up the leading Republican money raisers, party organizers, and consultants. The race for the G.O.P. nomination was over before it began.

GRAMM'S STRATEGY against Doggett is clear: he is running an all-out ideological race, heavy on taxes and emotional issues like gay rights. At every opportunity he ties himself to Reagan and Doggett to Walter Mondale. He is keenly aware of why Republicans usually lose—they carry Houston and Dallas, but get blown away in rural Texas—and has been mining the small towns, especially Hance's old territory in the western half of the state. While Doggett was devoting all his energies in the three months after the runoff to raising money, Gramm struck. His radio spots trumpeted that Doggett had received a contribution from a male strip show put on by gays in San Antonio. Doggett finally countered with a family-portrait-type television spot that was stilted and ineffective.

Traditionally a Texas Democrat faced with a strong Republican opponent tries to isolate him on the far right, as Bentsen was able to do to George Bush in 1970. For all its conservatism, Texas has always understood the value of a farm subsidy or an oil depletion allowance or a NASA. Gramm's record makes him highly vulnerable to such tactics. In a recent survey by the *National Journal* and the *Baron Report*, Gramm was rated the most conservative of all 435 Members of Congress. He was one of thirteen to oppose a resolution against Social Security reductions, one of sixteen to vote against a resolution supporting a nutrition program. Fewer than forty of his colleagues joined him in quixotic votes against funding for public libraries, the tightening of toxic waste laws, and against money for victims of family violence. Gramm has not been one to play the I've-got-mine-but-you-can't-have-yours game that is beloved of conservative Democrats. In 1979 he was the only Texan to vote against money for the space shuttle. He voted against the very loan program that sent him to college. He voted to reduce funding for the Federal Trade Commission where until the fall campaign his wife worked as a high-ranking economist. Along with just ten other Representatives, he voted against an S.B.A. authorization that included disaster loan assistance to farmers in Texas and other states affected by the 1983 drought.

But to exploit a record like Gramm's has always required precisely the kind of tactics that are anathema to Doggett: cozying up to the business leaders and courthouse politicians who give a Democrat credibility with the conservative Texas electorate. Doggett has chosen an entirely different course. He has made no meaningful overtures to the Krueger or Hance people. He concentrated on fundraising in the summer, raising a respectable $2 million. Bentsen, the chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, has promised Doggett the group's largest contribution, $900,000, plus whatever establishment support he can deliver. Rather than wage an old-style Democratic campaign, Doggett is staking everything on a closing media blitz. The strategy is to turn Gramm's own words against him—which isn't hard. Doggett's TV spots quote Gramm's far-out remarks about the poor ("We're the only nation in the world where all our poor people are fat") and the disabled ("We're encouraging people to be handicapped").

THE FIRST of two debates, held in late September, did nothing to change the direction of the campaign. Gramm attacked at every opportunity. Virtually every response began with ad hominem broadsides at Doggett. Gramm lambasted his rival for pandering to homosexuals, for taking money from a Boston-based peace PAC, for being a millionaire lawyer. Doggett, who has an ear for the good line, fired back that there were "more Gramm wrongs than gay rights," and that Gramm was running a "Lie and Buy" campaign. But Doggett couldn't keep up the pace. He retreated into prosaic statements of his positions while Gramm continued to press the attack, throwing around enough homilies about hardworking Texans and his mama's Social Security check to avoid seeming hopelessly mean spirited. For Doggett the best aspect of the debate was that it was competing for viewers against the season premiére of "Dallas."

The most significant thing about the debate was what Doggett did not do. He didn't even mention the issues on which Gramm had voted against the interests of the Texas conservative Democratic establishment. He did not try to portray Gramm as an extremist or pin him in the far right of the political spectrum. Rather, he portrayed himself the way Texas liberals have always portrayed themselves—as someone who fights for people trying to make it, while portraying Gramm as one who favors those who have it made. For better or for worse, Doggett is committed to the course set by the liberals back in 1961. It was a mistake, they said, to move to the center, to make peace with the conservatives. The way for liberals to win was to stick to their principles, get their people excited, bring people to the polls who usually didn't vote. Some of this actually happened in 1982, when an unexpectedly large turnout brought the liberals their first statewide victories. And voter registration in Texas is up enormously this year. But there is one crucial difference between 1982 and 1984: then there were two conservatives at the top of the Democratic ticket, Lloyd Bentsen and Mark White, while this time there are none. If Doggett wins anyway, the transformation of the Texas Democratic Party from pragmatic to ideological will be complete. But if he loses, the Democrats may have gotten themselves into a bind where only a liberal can win the nomination and only a conservative can win the general election. □

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A cracker-barrel history.

CAMPAIGN CRAZINESS

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

THE FATEFUL HOUR came on the morning of June 6, 1840, on the steps of the National Hotel in Columbus, Ohio: General William Henry Harrison became the first Presidential candidate to make a campaign speech on his own behalf. The *Cleveland Adviser* greeted Old Tippecanoe's departure from tradition with scolding disapproval: "When was there ever before such a spectacle as a candidate for the Presidency, traversing the country advocating his own claims for that high and responsible station? . . . Never! . . . the precedent thus set by Harrison appears to us a bad one."

It was worse than the *Adviser* knew, for not only had Harrison unlocked some of the loudest mouths heard since the Reformation, he also pioneered what was to become an important campaign axiom: "The more you talk, the less you should say." This approach had been spelled out for him by Nicholas Biddle. The aristocratic Philadelphia banker advised one of Harrison's managers:

> Let him [Harrison] rely entirely on the past [i.e., old Tippecanoe's questionable victory over a band of redskins back in 1812], not the future. Let him say not one single word about his principles, or his creed—let him say nothing—promise nothing. Let no committee, no convention, no town meeting ever extract from him a single word about what he thinks now, or what he will do hereafter. Let the use of pen and ink be wholly forbidden as if he were a mad poet in Bedlam.

Henceforth exhausted Presidential candidates would rampage about the land, "bloviating" to the masses, to use Warren Gamaliel Harding's word for expelling breath into the faces of the unwashed. But in Harrison's day Americans were not yet bathed in around-the-clock sports, music, and TV. Politics, like revivalist religion, was a major entertainment in the lives of the isolated farm families who made up more than half the population. The citizenry would stomp, roar, weep, and riot on behalf of their favorites and fling a dead cat or two at their foes. In the nineteenth century Presidential campaigns were mass political carnivals, in which voters and politicians gorged themselves on noise, food, and delirium.

The kind of popular campaigning that Harrison perfected first erupted in 1832, when the Jacksonian Democrats rallied and picnicked around "Hickory Poles." By 1840 the Whigs were having "log-cabin raisings" for Harrison, who had been neatly packaged for popular taste. The college-educated son of an upper-class family, Harrison was retrofitted with a rustic frontier background, which became the theme of his Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign. People loved it. All over the new nation Whigs had cabin-raisings—even in worldly New York, where a 50-by-100-foot log cabin went up on Broadway near Prince Street. Whenever a cabin was raised there would be a parade, a communal feast with aspects of a medieval fair, and a lot of drinking. At one blowout in Wheeling, West Virginia, the assembled company gobbled up 360 hams, 26 sheep, 20 calves, 1,500 pounds of beef, 8,000 pounds of bread, 1,000 pounds of cheese, and 4,500 pies.

The Harrison campaign also marked the beginning of the large-scale manufacture of campaign souvenirs. An enthusiastic Whig could buy a Harrison and Tyler necktie, a pongee handkerchief with an American flag and William Henry Harrison's puss on it, and a cake of Tippecanoe Shaving Soap. The party distributed miniature log cabin whiskey bottles to the travelers and boatmen on the Erie Canal. The most famous of these popular products was manufactured by the E. C. Booz Distillery of Philadelphia, which is how that word found its way into our language.

Speechifying was not always essential to these campaigns. Crafty men soon realized that too much hot air could lead to defeat. Abraham Lincoln gave no political speeches in his two winning Presidential campaigns. (The Lincoln-Douglas debates took place in 1858 in a contest for a United States Senate seat—which Lincoln lost.) Lincoln won the most agonizing of all our Presidential campaigns in 1860 by staying home in Springfield, receiving visiting delegations, and saying little. "The inevitable brass band took position in front of the house and struck up a lively tune, admonishing us that the time for the business of the day had arrived," Missouri Senator Carl Schurz wrote of a typical day in that campaign.

> . . . When he presented himself for the March to the Capitol ground, I observed that he had divested himself of his waistcoat and put on, as his sole garment, a linen duster, the back of which had been marked by repeated perspirations and looked somewhat like a rough map of the two hemispheres. On his head he wore a well-battered stovepipe hat which evidently had seen several years of hard service. In this attire he marched with me behind the brass band, after us, the local campaign committee and the Wide-Awakes. . . . When I had finished [speaking], a few voices called upon Mr. Lincoln for a

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speech, but he simply shook his head, and the crowd instantly respected the proprieties of the situation, some even shouting: "No, no!"

The Wide-Awakes were a campaign marching society with local branches wherever the new Republican Party was strong. Its members tramped through city and town wearing hats on which were pinned lanterns; over their shoulders were draped oilcloth capes to catch the drippings from above. They did the shouting, they had the fun, and the candidate shut up.

THE IDIOT to whom we owe the tortured, modern, non-stop Presidential campaign was one of the smartest politicians to live and practice his craft in America, the Plumed Knight, the most beloved of late nineteenth-century Republican leaders: James Gillespie Blaine, the Man from Maine. His arduous 1884 vote-seeking trek was the first extended modern campaign and, as it came to an end, the enervated Blaine allowed himself to be talked into two events that would cost him the Presidency.

Drugged by fatigue, he sat drowsing through a meeting at which a cretinous Protestant clergyman denominated the Democrats as the party of "rum, Romanism, and rebellion." Blaine was as adept a politician as America has seen; if he had been awake he would have repudiated the minister's words on the spot. But it was a wire service reporter who heard them, and Blaine, with less than a week before election day, couldn't undo the damage.

Then Blaine went to a fund-raising dinner at Delmonico's restaurant in New York, where two hundred of the richest and most detested men in America—including such well-known varlets as Russell Sage, Jay Gould, Jacob Astor, and Cyrus W. Field—sat down to one of those impossibly rich eat-ins characteristic of the period. There was duck and there was terrapin and there were copious amounts of champagne and there were newspaper reporters to peek through the curtains and write about the "Boodle Banquet." The worst damage was inflicted by Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World*, which sold out with a cartoon, entitled "Mammon's Homage," depicting a poor working man and his family begging for a leftover off the damask-draped table of this Roman debauch. BELSHAZZAR BLAINE AND THE MONEY KINGS, the headline read, and that was the message which got through after reprints were distributed by the Democrats in the last few days before the election.

The champion Presidential campaigner, the absolutely uncontested winner for endurance, persistence, volume, drive, and energy, was the Great Commoner, the Boy Orator from the River Platte, William Jennings Bryan. At the beginning of the 1896 campaign Bryan had no staff, no advance men, no money, nothing. He just went down to the railroad depot, looked at the train schedules, and bought himself a ticket. (Later the Democratic National Committee rustled up enough money for a private car.) He solved the laundry problem by taking off his clothes between stops, and he took care of personal hygiene by sponging his teetotaling, temperance-touting self down with gin, so that occasionally during that insufferably hot summer of 1896 the God-fearing Presbyterian Populist appeared in public smelling like a dynamited distillery. He seldom slept more than an hour at a time, but he had the gift of nodding off as soon as he commanded his body to do so. By the time the campaign ended, the candidate had traveled over 18,000 miles, making as many as thirty speeches a day. And Bryan, who spoke without a microphone to crowds as large as 50,000, did not get hoarse.

Bryan's magnetism in 1896 overshadows any charismatic demonstrations put on by Jesse Jackson in 1984, as this description by Paolo Coletta, Bryan's biographer, shows:

> Farm men and women traveled as much as a hundred miles by foot, bicycle, horseback, or carriage, sometimes waiting for hours huddled in blankets sodden with rain or blowing in the cold winds of night in order to hear him and try to shake his hand or touch the hem of his coat. Babies by the hundreds were named William or Jennings. . . . In rural areas Bryan's reception was often colored by a holiday mood, pageantry, and democratic simplicity. He would be met by wagon loads of maidens dressed in white, or sixteen girls in white riding white horses and a young man dressed in gold on a yellow horse. . . . In North Carolina Bryan had his way lighted from Asheville to Raleigh by burning tar barrels.

Bryan's opposite number, William McKinley, chose not to compete with the stump speaker of the age. Instead McKinley sat on his duff in Canton, Ohio. But there is an art to duff-sitting too. The Republicans, with what would add up to maybe $100 million in modern money and discounted tickets from friendly railroad companies, could afford to bring America to McKinley's front porch in Canton. Every day delegations in the hundreds and thousands, sometimes arriving with marching bands and horse patrols, detrained at the depot and marched up the main drag to that famous front porch to listen to their candidate. By November, McKinley's front yard had been destroyed by worshipful souvenir takers.

IN WATERGATE-STYLE, McKinley's campaign manager, Marcus Alonzo Hanna, put spies in the Bryan campaign, but he also knew that if his boy did not have the ability to ignite enthusiasm he'd better find something that did. The solution was simple: the flag. Hanna smeared the country with patriotic gore. Lapel buttons displaying a replica of the flag became the quasi-official McKinley insignia; flag posters, flag hats, flag everythings were distributed and used, much as they would be by Richard Nixon in his last two campaigns. And back on the front porch the stately, portly candidate rhapsodized the national gonfalon in words Ronald Reagan might wish he had spoken: "It is a holy banner. No flag represents as much as it does; it represents liberty, it represents equality, it represents opportunity, it represents possibilities for American manhood obtainable in no other land beneath the sun."

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The voter turnout was humongous—nearly 80 percent of the eligible voters. In states like Iowa, Illinois, and Michigan, turnout was over 90 percent. In all probability the election was stolen from Bryan through the stuffing of ballot boxes in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Kentucky. Even so, the Great Commoner received more votes than had any Presidential candidate in any previous election. Whether it was disillusionment at the extortionate dishonesty of the election or long-range changes in the culture of American politics, after the Bryan-McKinley set-to the voter participation trend line began the slow bumpity-bump-bump downward which continues to this day.

McKinley was not the last President to campaign on his front porch. Harding did it in 1920 while his inconsequential Democratic opponent banged around America flailing his arms trying to talk issues. Legend has it that Boise Penrose, the wonderfully cynical Republican boss of Pennsylvania, was responsible for keeping the noble Harding on his front porch. "Keep Warren at home," the old boy is supposed to have said, no doubt rolling a cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, "Don't let him make any speeches. If he goes on tour, somebody's sure to ask him questions and Warren's just the sort of damn fool that'll try and answer them."

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN ON THE STUMP, 1896
THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, INC.

Warren was not that kind of damn fool. It was his idea to sit on the porch, which he even had remodeled to resemble McKinley's. Not only that, he had a pleasant little three-room bungalow put up for the reporters, and a couple of times a day he'd saunter in to meet the disheveled sons of the fourth estate, cadge a seegar or a plug of chewing tobacco off one of the boys, and say, "Shoot!" All questions would be answered, with Harding deciding if the answers were on the record or off. Stupid old Wurr'n, as Mrs. H. used to pronounce his name, made sure the press had texts of his speeches well before he delivered them. In his time Harding was as popular with the people in the press room as Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy would be later in the century.

The wisdom of Gamaliel didn't keep later seekers of his job from going right on bloviating. Wendell Willkie, the Republican nominee in 1940, opened his campaign riding the Willkie Special campaign train. The plan was to chug through thousands of miles and long weeks of vehement speechifying. But this egomaniac of a candidate, who had never run for anything more taxing than chairman of the board, spurned voice lessons. Only sissies wanted to talk like radio announcers, he said. For the first two days Willkie stood on the rear platform of the observation car shouting at his listeners in a raw voice. With the campaign threatened because the candidate would not shut up, Hollywood star Robert Montgomery (who would have a subsequent career as a TV consultant to Dwight Eisenhower) arranged for a throat specialist to travel on the campaign train. On the first encounter, Dr. Harold Barnard told his patient to "Lean back and open your mouth."

"Go to hell," replied the anointed one, "and take your tools with you." To which Barnard retorted, "Personally, I don't give a damn, but that throat of yours right now is the only way some 20 million Americans can express themselves. Lean back!"

This year there are no debauches, no cigars, no fun for us. The once woolly wild sport of Presidential campaigning which made the thousands cheer has become the business of making the right media buys, inputting the names on the computer tapes, and outputting the hokey personalized letters, which we have learned to recognize and throw out unopened. Taking part in the campaign consists of little more than deciding not to switch to the movie channel when the candidate comes on to tell you again what he has told you before. Bring back the Wide-Awakes, dust off the log cabin whiskey bottles—in other words, put people back into campaigning and it could be a thrill again. □

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A funny thing happened on the way to the free market.

BORN AGAIN CARTEL

BY EDWIN ROTHSCHILD AND STEVEN EMERSON

IN THE SUMMER of 1984 the oil cartel was on the brink of a total collapse. Oil economists fully expected the price of a barrel of oil to drop from $29 to $20 or even $15 a barrel. In late July oil prices on the spot market had fallen to $26.50 per barrel, the lowest price in five years. The spot market, where oil is bought and sold on a short-term basis, affects the price for much of the international oil trade. Prevailing conditions in the oil market only reinforced the trend. Saudi Arabia and other OPEC members had been flagrantly cheating on their self-imposed production ceiling. Petroleum product inventories in the industrial West were growing. Non-OPEC sources had increased production, and the Soviet Union was selling more oil in the West. The price of oil was about to decline even more.

Instead, during the first two days of August the sharp downward trend in oil prices suddenly stopped and within days reversed direction; spot market prices started climbing. Yet the underlying market conditions had not changed. There was no embargo, or even threat of an embargo. There was no blockade of the Persian Gulf and, despite the Iran-Iraq war, oil shipping was not disrupted. There was no physical disruption of supply or sudden surge in demand. In short, there was no free market explanation for that sudden and substantial rise in oil prices.

It wasn't OPEC—the usual suspect—who caused this turnaround: it was the major international oil companies which blatantly manipulated the market to force prices back up. With both the direct and indirect support of the Reagan Administration, Margaret Thatcher's government, and the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, the companies used their power to buy up available oil supplies, reduce oil production in key areas, hold the line on oil prices in the critical U.S. market, push up the price of crude oil futures contracts, and issue highly unusual public statements signaling the international oil market that the price decline would be reversed.

In many ways what happened over the past several months bears a striking similarity to what happened in early 1983 (see "The Oil Bust Panic," by Charles Krauthammer, TNR, February 21, 1983). At that time the huge increase in the price of oil since 1973 had begun to boomerang on the world's oil producers. The combination of two worldwide recessions (brought about in 1974-75 by the first oil price increase and in 1980-82 by the 1979 oil price hikes), vastly improved energy conservation and efficiency, expanded development of non-OPEC oil resources, and increased use of other fuels resulted in a sharp and unpredicted drop in oil use. From a high consumption level of nearly 36 million barrels a day in 1979, Western consumption has dropped to about 30 million barrels per day over the last three years.

The 1981 price level was not sustainable during the worldwide recession. With the slowdown in economic activity came a decline in oil consumption and the emergence of "the oil glut." Haunted by the prospect of oil prices being driven down to the marginal cost of production—estimated to be between $15 and $20 per barrel—the banks and the oil companies warned of "dire" economic consequences. Yet soon they recognized that a modest price drop was in their own self-interest in order to reduce their stockpiles. On January 28, 1983, George Keller, the chairman of Standard Oil of California (now Chevron), stated on the MacNeil/Lehrer Report "I would view a leveling of oil prices at, let's say, $30, roughly where they are now or slightly below . . . as a desirable thing." In February, the international companies cut the price of oil from $34 to $29 a barrel and OPEC merely ratified that decision a month later.

Even though crude oil prices were reduced by $5 per barrel, it is easy to understand why the companies were so willing to accept this reduction. According to James Lee, chairman of Gulf Oil, a subsidiary of Chevron, most exploration projects were premised on oil selling for $28 per barrel. Secondly, the companies knew that in the United States (as well as in the North Sea) a modest price decline would not come at their expense. The record speaks for itself—between 1981 and 1983, the major companies' net revenues on oil produced in the United States declined by only seventy cents per barrel. The other $5 per barrel came at the expense of the U.S. Treasury, thanks to the design of the Windfall Profits Tax. Because what is taxed is the difference between the government's base price and the market price, a decline in the market price substantially reduces the government's revenues. Because the companies' tax burden decreases, they are no worse

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off, at least as long as the price stays above $29 a barrel.

The oil exporting countries and the banks, which loaned billions of dollars for oil exploration and production on the basis of firm oil prices, believed that the $29 price could be sustained. Yet by mid-1984 the "glut" again threatened to bring free market economics to the international oil business. As in the period 1982-83, major oil companies found themselves with large inventories of petroleum products. To reduce their inventories, they had to cut the price. But lower product prices also required lower crude oil prices. Thus, by mid-June, the oil trade publication *Petroleum Intelligence Weekly* (*P.I.W.*) reported "[T]he spot crude oil market is finally starting to sag under the weight of abundant OPEC production rates, deteriorating product prices, and a return to more normal loading patterns at most ports in the Middle East tanker war."

Throughout the months of June and July participants in the oil market began to act like genuine competitors. Several U.S. independent refiners (those with little or no crude oil production of their own)—Ashland, Citgo, and Diamond Shamrock—lowered by $2 a barrel the price they were willing to pay for some domestic crude oil. The Soviet Union, desperate for hard currency to pay for imports from the West, cut the price of its Urals crude by $1.50 per barrel. The Iranians, struggling to keep up their oil production, discounted their oil by as much as $4 a barrel in order to compensate buyers for a rise in insurance rates due to increased Iraqi attacks on oil tankers in the Persian Gulf. Nigeria, faced with a dire economic crisis, discounted the price of its oil to sell more than its quota under OPEC's self-imposed production ceiling. Similarly, Indonesia and the United Arab Emirates exceeded their quotas by 150,000 barrels a day. Libya and Iraq bartered oil for weapons with the Soviet Union. In turn, the Soviets resold the oil to West European countries at prices below their own oil exports.

EVEN staunch Saudi Arabia, conventionally thought of as the linchpin of OPEC because of its huge reserves, production capacity, and role as the swing oil producer, began flooding the world market. In July it was reported that the Saudis had agreed to an unprecedented barter arrangement, swapping an estimated 50 million barrels of oil ($1.4 billion worth) for 10 Boeing 747 jets powered by Rolls Royce engines. Moreover, according to Youssef M. Ibrahim of *The Wall Street Journal*, Saudi Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani was overruled by the royal family and ordered to increase Saudi production (Saudi Arabia is expected to run a $25 billion budget deficit this year).

By the end of July 1984 spot crude oil prices—which are considered one of the most significant barometers of future oil prices and which affect 40 percent of oil traded—had fallen dramatically. The price of Saudi "light" crude (a benchmark against which other crude oil prices are usually determined) was nearly $2 a barrel below the "official" $29 OPEC price, while North Sea oil had dropped by $3.50 a barrel. Once again, fears of an oil price crash were in the headlines: NEW DECLINES IN SPOT-MARKET OIL PRICES RAISE CONCERN ABOUT OVERALL REDUCTIONS (*The Wall Street Journal*, July 25); PANIC FEARED IN MART; SOVIETS SLASH OIL PRICES (*Journal of Commerce*, July 30). It had become clear to many that an inevitable downward price spiral, or as one oil analyst called it, "a falling domino effect," had been set in motion. There seemed to be no stopping the disintegration of the cartel price. A more realistic "free market" price appeared near. One well-known market analyst told the *Wall Street Journal* that he expected oil prices to drop to $15 a barrel by 1985.

SOMETHING very strange happened on the way to free market equilibrium. In the first days of August, crude oil spot prices shot up an astounding $1.70 to $2 per barrel for no apparent economic reason. Ashland Oil rescinded its decision to pay $2 less per barrel and made it retroactive to August 1. *P.I.W.* reported that prices got an added boost "by an unusually high level of trader activity for the normally dull summer period." By mid-August "stability" had returned to the world oil market. Indeed, some oil industry and financial analysts are now predicting that oil prices will soon rise above the $29 per barrel level.

The market's invisible hand was in fact connected to the interlocking brains of the oil companies. On July 31 Chevron's James Lee predicted during an exclusive *Wall Street Journal* interview that "the next thirty days will be crucial in determining whether the industry can prevent another general decline in crude prices." One day later, across the Atlantic, Sir Peter Walters, chairman of British Petroleum, in an attempt to halt price cuts announced in the pages of London's *Financial Times* that he believed "not as much [Saudi] oil was produced as people have said, oil which some people regard as an overhang and a threat to prices." Like Chevron's Lee, Walters pointedly stated, "The next six weeks are going to be very sensitive. When you have got discounts as big as $3.50 a barrel, if you are not careful, people can get panicky." On the same day Saudi Arabia's Oil Minister Yamani told an international conference outside London that a price decline could lead to insolvency for many U.S. banks and that the British government should not cut its oil prices.

In conjunction with these unmistakable signals that oil companies intended to restore the $29 price, the four U.S. partners in Aramco (Exxon, Chevron, Texaco, and Mobil), which produces and purchases most of Saudi Arabia's oil, declared they were going to significantly reduce their purchases of Saudi oil in August by 500,000 to 1 million barrels a day from July purchases. (It has since been learned that the companies made up the difference by purchasing on the spot market the oil made available by the Boeing barter deal.) This move was disclosed in an unusual public announcement. At the same time British Petroleum and Royal Dutch Shell, the two big foreign oil multinationals, also publicly announced that they would shut down their largest North Sea fields during August, cutting production by 520,000 barrels a day. William L. Randol, First Boston's chief oil analyst, told *The New York Times*, "It is most peculiar they would announce it. It's a definite signal that oil is

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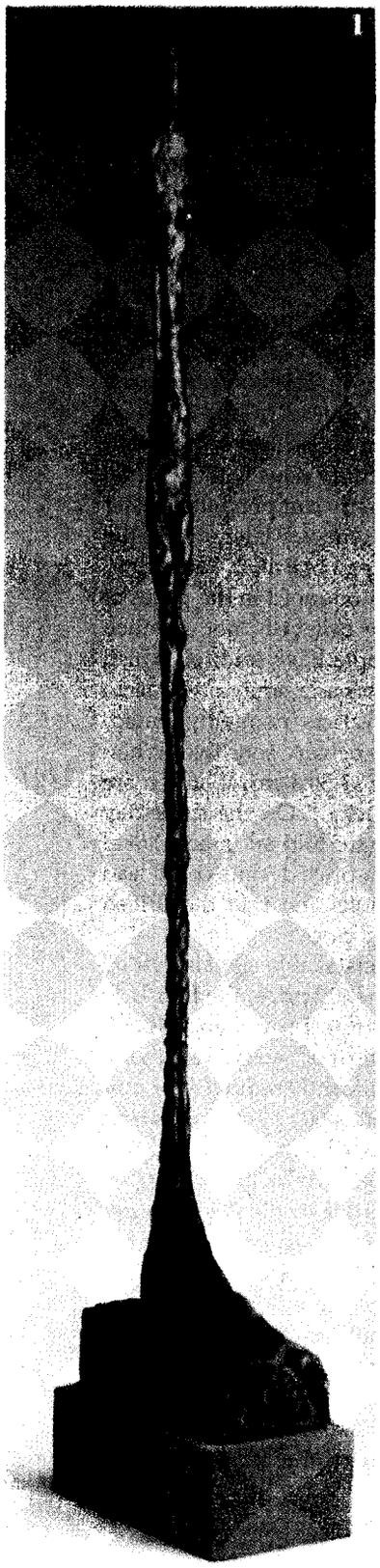

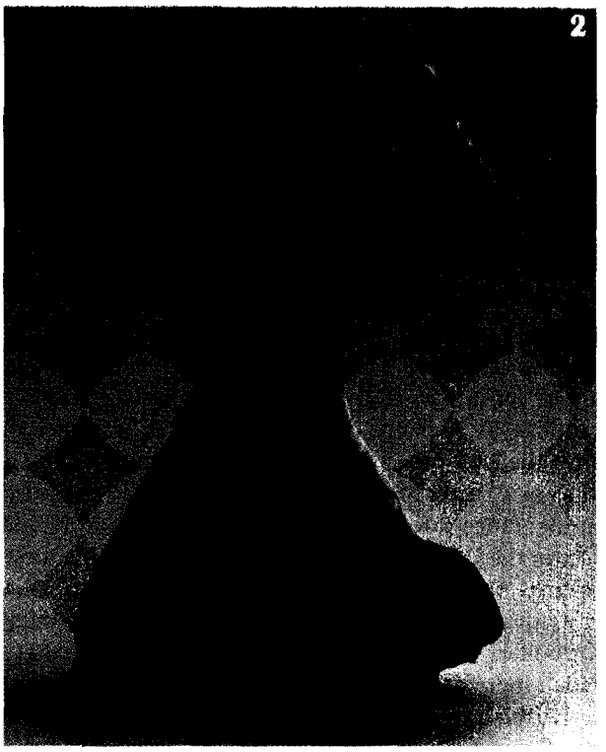

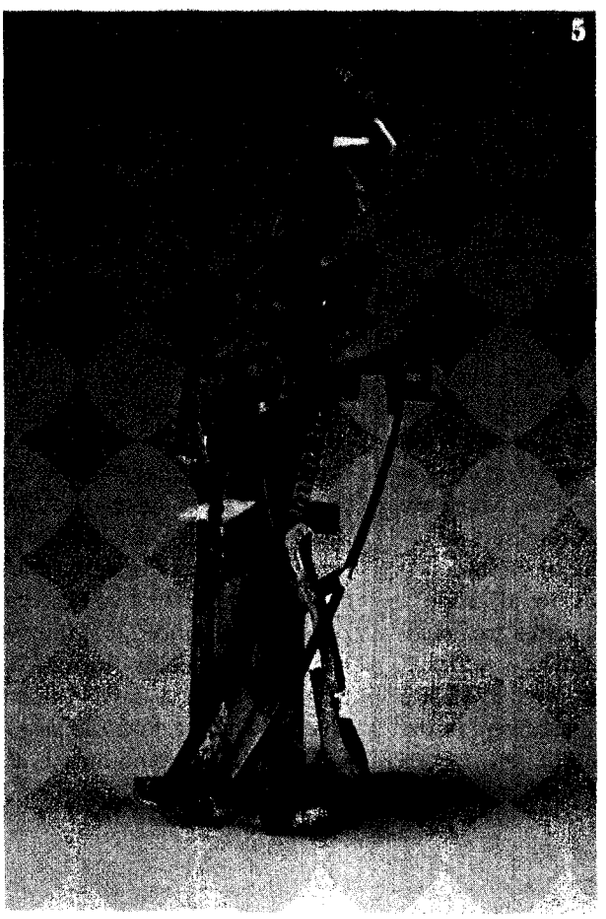

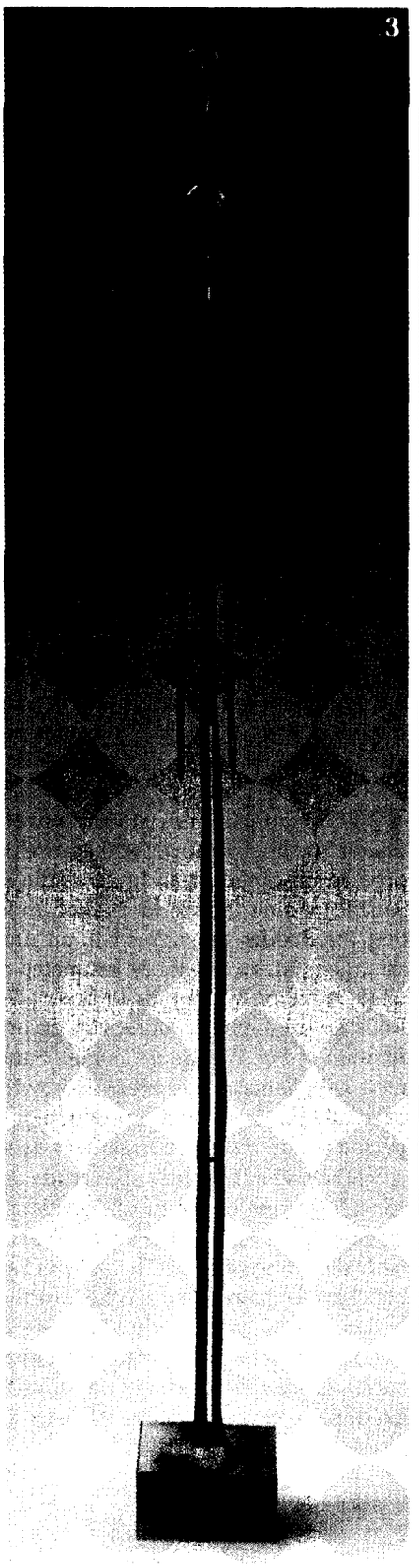

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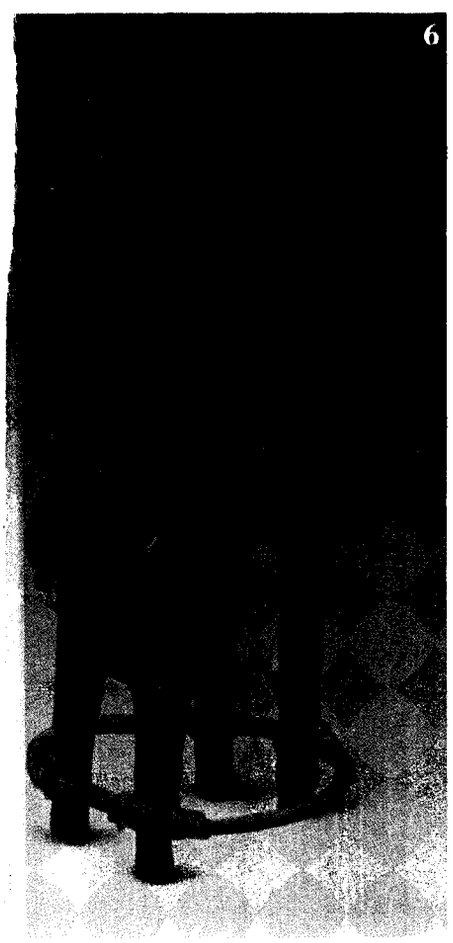

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" 'Primitivism' in 20th Century Art: Affinity of the Tribal and the Modern" appears at The Museum of Modern Art, New York, September 27, 1984—January 15, 1985; The Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, February 27—May 19, 1985; Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, June 23—September 1, 1985.

1. TALL FIGURE, Alberto Giacometti 1949, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, James Thrall Soby Bequest. 2. BUST OF A WOMAN (MARIE-THERESE WALTER), Pablo Picasso 1931. Musée Picasso, Paris. 3. FIGURE. Nyamwezi, Tanzania. Collection: J. W. Mestach, Brussels. 4. BIRD HEADDRESS. Baga, Guinea. Musée de l'Homme, Paris. 5. SYMPHONY NO. 1, Vladimir Baranoff-Rossine 1913, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, Katia Granoff Fund. 6. NIMBA MASK. Baga, Guinea. Musée Picasso, Paris (Formerly collection, PABLO PICASSO).

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going to be removed from the market" to firm up prices.

On August 9 *The Wall Street Journal* reported that "oil companies operating in Egypt have told that country's government they will continue to buy Egyptian oil at official prices despite the lower spot market prices for the crude." And in the United States, said the *Journal*, "major refiners generally haven't cut the prices they will pay for oil despite depressed product prices that are badly squeezing profit margins. Sources said this reflects in part a calculation by the large refiners, who generally have large oil holdings, that a price drop would do them more harm than good." The line on prices was holding.

According to the *Financial Times*, major oil price movements now, as in 1983, hinged on what price the major oil companies were willing to pay for a certain kind of U.S. crude oil. *P.I.W.* observed, "[G]lobal concerns certainly weighed heavily in the thinking of major U.S. oil companies" in their "surprising" refusal to lower U.S. prices, especially in view of the fact that most of the reduction comes at the expense of the U.S. government. Had oil prices fallen in the United States, most oil analysts believed the British government would have followed, with OPEC right behind, paralleling the pattern that occurred in 1983.

To lend support to the companies' and Yamani's efforts to prevent dropping prices, Margaret Thatcher's government also got into the act. Britain's energy minister, Mr. Alick Buchanan-Smith, sent a highly extraordinary letter to all companies that operate in the North Sea and that purchase oil from the British National Oil Corporation (B.N.O.C.) requesting that they not ask for lower crude oil prices during the third quarter of 1984. In the letter, parts of which were leaked to the press, the energy minister wrote, "price reductions elsewhere could lead to the collapse of the world oil price." Such a move was shocking, not only because of the government's supposed free market philosophy, but also because of a study undertaken by the London Business School on behalf of the *Sunday Times*, which showed that an oil price cut to $25 a barrel would significantly boost industrial output in Britain.

Platt's Oilgram Price Report revealed in its August 3 issue that crude oil future prices were continuing "to run off the board" with "prices rising by the minute." Unable to find any economic reason for the unusual upsurge in activity, it stated that, "[T]he best explanation is this: the majors could not tolerate spot prices at their recent lows—as producers they were losing money and as refiners they were losing money. Since storage levels were 'low-ish' they could safely buy some forward avails [available contracts] to help prop up prices." One week later *Platt's* reported that "[T]he recent futures price swings were clearly the result of blatant manipulation by a couple of key players." *The New York Times* was even more specific: "American oil companies had cut their crude oil shipments from the Middle East in an effort to tighten supplies and halt the decline in world oil prices . . ." and that ". . . Exxon, Texaco, Chevron, and Mobil reduced their liftings from [Saudi Arabia] because of the oversupply." Finally, the usually staid *Financial Times* wrote a scathing editorial condemning the British government, Sheik Yamani, and the international oil companies for interfering in the market. "U.S. antitrust lawyers might also find something amiss with recent events," the *Times* suggested.

In light of such naked coordination and price fixing, how have the companies been able to evade any U.S. government antitrust action—which bars coordinated activity by U.S. companies to prop up prices by restraining production? The answer is that the Reagan Administration not only turned a blind eye to such activity, but actually sanctioned it.

THE STORY begins last December, when Assistant Attorney General William Baxter, a Reagan appointee, dropped a six-year antitrust investigation of Aramco and the international oil market. The investigation had been started because of the suspicion that U.S.-based oil companies were behaving in an anticompetitive manner—that is, restricting oil production to fix prices. Because the oil exporting nations function primarily as oil producers, they still largely depend upon the companies to purchase, refine, transport, market, and distribute their oil. With their huge physical and financial international infrastructure and years of experience, the companies are still the ones who adjust the level of production among OPEC and non-OPEC members; in effect, the companies serve to balance OPEC supply and free world demand. Within this framework, the symbiotic arrangement between Saudi Arabia, the largest oil exporter, and the Aramco consortium is chiefly responsible for forestalling the emergence of competition and the collapse of cartel pricing.

This relationship, unique in the international oil market, plays the same role that the Texas Railroad Commission played in the 1950s and 1960s—adjusting output to maintain U.S. domestic oil prices. Just as the Texas Railroad Commission provided governmental sanction to otherwise illegal private activity, so too does the American government's acceptance of the Aramco relationship with the Saudi Arabian government provide similar cover. The present form of this relationship was established in 1976 when the Aramco partners were negotiating the sale of the company's Saudi assets to the Saudi government. As part of the overall (and still largely secret) agreement, the Saudis would be responsible for setting the price in consultation with the four Aramco partners. And Aramco was entitled to determine the level of its purchases at the established price. In other words Aramco still retained the ability to raise or lower Saudi output to avoid a glut—making Saudi Arabia the world's swing producer.

The Justice Department's antitrust investigation of Aramco was based on the fact that the Aramco partners could exercise control over oil prices and production. When the Reagan Administration closed the case in December 1983, the Justice Department claimed they could find no evidence demonstrating that "under current market conditions, the Aramco partners could exercise market power." Yet between 1977 and December 1983 the Justice

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Department was never able to obtain key documents from the Aramco partners. Department officials acknowledged they were forced to rely on "press reports" to conclude "that the Aramco partners had neither the power nor the incentive" to control Saudi output. However, without key company documents, like the 1976 Aramco takeover agreement, there was no way in which the Justice Department could have made such a determination.

What prevented the Justice Department from securing these vital pieces of evidence? The Saudi Arabian government warned the Carter and Reagan Administrations that unless the potentially embarrassing investigation was terminated, Saudi Arabia would retaliate against the United States. Although the Saudis claimed that the investigation was an intrusion into their internal affairs, it seems far more likely that they were fearful that had the investigation continued, their unique mutually beneficial arrangement with Aramco would have been jeopardized.

On a visit to Riyadh in December 1979, Treasury Secretary William Miller was told unambiguously by Sheik Yamani that he expected Treasury's assistance in quashing the investigation. Treasury immediately relayed these "concerns" to the Justice Department. Treasury was not alone in getting involved. Fearing Saudi ill will, the National Security Council and the State Department actively sought to deter the Justice Department from aggressively pursuing its subpoenas. According to government sources and documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, five separate bureaus within the State Department became simultaneously involved in ensuring that the Justice Department understood the foreign policy "sensitivity" of its investigation and its implications. The State Department even insisted on reviewing letters sent by Justice attorneys to Yamani.

IN MARCH 1980 Deputy Attorney General John Shenefield, who was in charge of the investigation, traveled to Saudi Arabia to obtain Saudi permission for the companies to release documents pertaining to the investigation. All along the companies had argued that Saudi Arabia would not allow them to comply with the Justice Department's subpoenas—despite the fact that the documents were possessed by the companies. But Yamani would not budge, Shenefield left Saudi Arabia empty-handed, and the investigation was put on the back burner.

When the Reagan Administration assumed office, its new appointees at the Justice Department began to review the investigation. Saudi officials informed the Reagan Administration that this investigation was a thorn in U.S.-Saudi relations. And so, rather than incur Saudi wrath, the Justice Department dropped the subpoenas. The case was closed despite the fact that from the company documents that had been obtained, it was likely that the Justice Department could prove the companies had engaged in anticompetitive activity prior to 1977. Had the Justice Department filed an antitrust suit against the Aramco partners, the companies would not have dared to manipulate so openly the price and supply of oil as they did this past summer.

By now it is clear that OPEC does not deserve primary blame for the latest rise in oil prices. Most of the blame must be given to the oil companies, with the rest going to Margaret Thatcher's government, the Reagan Administration, and the banks. Though the precise role the banks played in this latest episode is not known, there is no doubt that the banks' fortunes are deeply tied to the strength and well-being of the oil cartel. The less surplus money available to their OPEC depositors, the less money the banks have to lend. Moreover, major international banks, particularly some of the largest based in the United States, have made extensive loans related to oil industry activities—financing costly North Sea drilling; financing domestic mergers totaling some $30 billion (involving Texaco/Getty, Chevron/Gulf, and Mobil/Superior) and oil exploration estimated at $27 billion, as well as oil activities in foreign countries—most of which are premised on the actual value of oil at $29 a barrel. International banking can't afford free enterprise in the oil market either.

Ironically, while the Reagan Administration and the Thatcher government were working to restrain free market competition, the Soviet Union was cutting prices like a true capitalist. In order to maintain their hard currency earnings, the Soviets were willing to compete in the marketplace. But when the capitalist West decided to restore the $29 a barrel price, the Soviets were only too happy to go along. If the price of oil had been allowed to drop $10-$15 a barrel, the Soviet economy would have lost between $6 and $8 billion a year in hard currency earnings. This would have been far more detrimental to the Soviet Union than any sanctions the Administration has imposed.

Thus while the losers in an oil price drop would have been the oil companies, OPEC, the banks, and the Soviet Union, the winners would have been everybody else. Even the Administration knew this. In the spring of 1983 Deputy Treasury Secretary R. T. McNamar told the National Foreign Trade Council that "Falling oil prices are good for the U.S., and good for the world's economy in general." In the United States a drop of $10 to $15 a barrel (twenty cents to thirty cents per gallon of gas) would have meant a savings of $58 to $87 billion a year. For the entire non-Communist world, such a decline would yield a savings of between $164 to $246 billion annually. Even just a modest $3 a barrel decrease, according to Data Resources, would reduce the inflation rate in the world's Western industrialized nations by 0.6 percent in 1984 and boost economic growth by as much as 0.3 percent.

When the Reagan Administration refused to enforce the antitrust laws against the oil companies, it wrote off these all-but-guaranteed economic benefits. It aided perhaps the most powerful alliance of special interests in the world—the multinational oil companies, the Saudi government and its OPEC allies, and the international banks. This alliance, and not simply OPEC, now clearly constitutes the real oil cartel. Its price fixing arrangments may come under severe free market pressures again in the years to come. But if the Reagan Administration is still in power, it will know where to go for help. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Tiny Drummer Girl

John Le Carré is a headache for film adaptation. The paradox of his novels is that they are overwritten—*The Little Drummer Girl* could be abridged 25 percent to its advantage—yet the prose and the multiple character vignettes are what distinguish his books among espionage thrillers. So, though his novels might seem naturals for film, they lose their uniqueness when the cast of characters is slimmed and when no way is found to reproduce the feeling of the prose itself. This innate Le Carré paradox may be why the one successful adaptation of his work that I've seen was the BBC-TV serial of *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* shown on PBS four years ago: Arthur Hopcraft's script sheared away a lot of wool yet kept more of the quirky character divagation and effect of the prose than a two-hour theater film could have tolerated. What I remember most clearly from that TV series is the visit by Smiley (Alec Guinness) to his arthritic former colleague-lover Connie (Beryl Reid). Yet it's precisely the sort of scene that would have been lopped out of a theater film; any plot facts in the scene would have been spliced in elsewhere.

The Little Drummer Girl
(Warner Bros.)

Loring Mandel's screenplay of *The Little Drummer Girl* exemplifies the Le Carré problem only too well. Mandel is an experienced TV and screenwriter, and he used his scalpel knowingly to slice away much of the novel's self-indulgent wandering; but, partly because of this necessary surgery and partly through some rough stitching, he has also maimed Le Carré's strengths. The quirks of most characters are lessened or omitted, and no attempt has been made, with incident or flow, to simulate the silkiness of Le Carré's prose. Take, for instance, the opening bomb explosion in Bad Godesberg. (I suppose I can discuss the plot: millions have read the book.) Mandel reverses Le Carré's order, which was explosion first and explanation later; thus the film eliminates the aspects of the Israeli diplomat's character that made him susceptible to the planting of the bomb and eliminates, too, any cinematic suggestion of Le Carré's line: "Somewhere in every bomb explosion there is a miracle. . . ." The novel gave us an opening touched with fatalism of character and with comment that made us privy to darker worlds; the film gives us a banal beginning.

Obviously the entire novel couldn't be filmed, even in my fancifully reduced version, but intrinsic film resources might have done something to evoke the Le Carré texture. The suggestions of psychological density that a Hitchcock or a Welles or even a John Huston or Carol Reed added to the directing of espionage stories are quite lacking in George Roy Hill's direction, which is never more than competent storytelling; and the most easily available aid to Le Carré texture, the casting, is fumbled. (Remember what Richard Burton and Oskar Werner in themselves gave to *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*.) The casting in general is spotty and, at its center, it's deplorable. The best choice is Klaus Kinski as Schultz, the top Israeli secret agent. Kinski is a wonderful actor, who always suggests immense reserves of strength and cavernous complexity. The role of Schultz is straitened here, but Kinski does all that mortal man can do to suggest a much larger, more intricate figure. And Sami Frey, known from many French pictures, is tacitly strong as the leader of the Palestinian secret force. He raises his last scene to the tragic. (The brief role of an English police commander is played by David Cornwell—the real name behind the Le Carré pseudonym.)

Most of the other actors are, at best, passable. But the title role, the pivotal role, is played by Diane Keaton, and around her the picture collapses in tatters. She is so feeble, so inappropriate, that she underscores the dangers of Le Carré adaptation, the dwarfing of this book into just one more thriller.

Begin with the fact that Keaton is dressed and photographed poorly. It's only three years since she was in *Reds*, but she is made to look as if it were much longer. In that earlier political romance she gave her best performance; the director, Warren Beatty, brought her out of the casual hipness of her five Woody Allen films, brought her to fullness and conviction. In *The Little Drummer Girl*, Hill was apparently unable or uninterested to do the same with her. Back she goes to Woody Allen offhandedness, and out the window goes Le Carré's heroine.

In every sense Keaton gives a slurred performance. Her speech is slurred in a way that makes *Saturday Night Live* sound like the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. And her speech is typical of everything else she does. She seems to slur on to the screen and off it; she

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Amadeus. Nonsense, biographically and thematically. But deftly executed, with some Mozart passages to hear, some gorgeousness to look at, and a good performance from F. Murray Abraham as Salieri. (Reviewed 10/22/84)

Bizet's Carmen. The best "orthodox" opera film that I know, writhing sinuously around the screen as Carmen herself does. All three principals sing well, Julia Migenes-Johnson also performs well. The whole familiar work sounds and looks fresh. (9/17&24/84)

A Soldier's Story. Has the feel of a 1950s "liberal" film but is more smartly done. The murder of a black army sergeant on a Louisiana base in 1944 is investigated by a black captain, undeterred by black and white interference. (10/5/84)

Stranger than Paradise. An intelligent, dry, small-scale American film about three laid-back young people, drifting along on a sluggish current. Subtle and witty. (10/29/84)

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slurs her feelings, her very presence, in a way that matches her throwaway speech. Very early she supplies a moment that virtually wrecks the rest of the role. She is supposed to be an American actress playing Shaw's Saint Joan with an English company. The few lines of hers that we hear are sub-high school, yet Schultz, who is in the audience, is convinced that she is the actress he needs for a plan he has in mind. Keaton's weakness as the actress she plays, let alone in her own acting, undermines Le Carré's main and fascinating idea.

Schultz casts her against type. He knows that, at a political meeting in England which was addressed by a masked Palestinian, she had burst out in support of the Palestinian cause. (A hint of Vanessa Redgrave, superb actress and Palestinian zealot, hovers behind this woman in the novel.) Schultz thinks that this outburst will keep Keaton from suspicion if she comes in with the Israeli plan. But Le Carré seems intent, thematically, on going further. He wants to dramatize some relatively abstract aspects of a terrible reality; and at the center of the dramatization he puts—of course—an actress. She thinks she believes in one side, but as an actress she can put the truth of her acting at the service of the opposing side. In this seeming equivocation, Le Carré sees the grim symmetry of the opposing sides. Both the Israelis and the Palestinians, whose views are presented in the book and the film with equal vigor, are Semitic peoples; both are primarily concerned not with conquest but with justice; both are fiery in their love of the same territory; both base their claims on history and on religion. (I'm not arguing that it's impossible to choose sides; I know which side I'm on.) And, as the story's crowning metaphor, just as the two forces are fighting each other here on foreign, neutral terrain, so the two forces are pitted within this one woman who ends up neutral, believing in neither side.

What the role needed was a Redgrave ten years younger, someone within whose being all these immediate matters and their amplifications could resonate, someone who could crystallize the ironies of falling in love with an Israeli who enacts a Palestinian in their affair so that she can later convince the true Palestinian with whom she will have an affair. Keaton, however, looks and behaves like not much more than a veteran subscriber to *Rolling Stone*. When she is lured to her first meeting with the Israeli contingent and they propose their plan to her, her wispiness makes them look foolish for choosing her. With exactly the same script, with every sequence and all the same other actors, this film would hold more of Le Carré if the Drummer Girl herself were adequate. Here his book is shriveled, not condensed, because Keaton is so small.

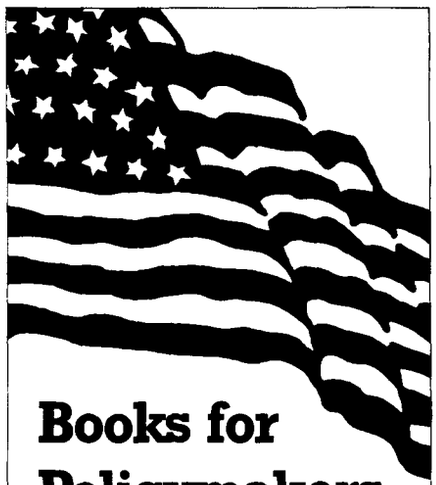
ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Post-Naturalist Triumph

Twenty-five years ago, in my maiden piece for this magazine, I reviewed *The Connection*, a play with music about derelicts and junkies by a young Chicago playwright named Jack Gelber. The first significant production of the 1984 season (it has opened at the Minetta Lane after playing last summer at the Circle Rep) is a revival of Lanford Wilson's *Balm in Gilead*, another play with music about derelicts and junkies, as directed by a young Chicago actor named John Malkovich. This could suggest that progress in the American theater has been minimal over the past quarter of a century, especially since *Balm in Gilead*, first produced in 1965, just six years after *The Connection*, is rather derivative of Gelber's work. Nevertheless, Wilson's sketchy, aimless investigation of underground Americans is presently providing the occasion for a brilliant piece of theater, one which may well be remembered as a landmark of the post-naturalistic stage.

Balm in Gilead
by Lanford Wilson

Post-naturalism (forgive the neologism, but one needs a term to describe this phenomenon) has been with us at least since the earlier days of the Living Theater, the first company to mix Piran-



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dellian and Brechtian theatrical devices with an exacting documentary style. It represents an effort to reproduce on stage the details of a plotless verisimilitude at the same time that its dramatic characters are wandering through the auditorium, haranguing and badgering the audience, and otherwise exposing the illusionistic nature of the event. This is the theater's last-ditch effort to salvage a tradition recently expropriated by visual media (especially the movies) infinitely better equipped to simulate a documentary reality. Never permitting the audience to forget it is watching an artificial rather than a real event, post-naturalism manages to preserve what is unique about the theater—its immediacy and danger—while still fulfilling naturalism's mandate to explore the habits and habitations of an abandoned underclass.

USING Wilson's text as a scenario for improvisation, Malkovich transforms this technique into a stylistic triumph. *Balm in Gilead* is a work from the playwright's early period, before a wistful romanticism began to soften his writing. It is a closely observed sociological study of hookers, hustlers, pimps, pushers, and dopers of every sexual persuasion converging on each other in an all-night coffee shop on Halloween—Gorki's *Lower Depths* transferred to Upper Broadway. For most of its length, the play avoids plot, theme, or purpose, but eventually two figures break free from this sketchily drawn crowd of twenty-nine characters to make a story; Joe, a part-time heroin pusher who wants to escape his profession, and Darlene, a well-intentioned good-time girl from Chicago. At the climax, after mating briefly with Darlene in her hotel room, Joe is stabbed to death by a hood sent by the gangster for whom he works, an event barely noticed by the other denizens of the coffee shop. A casual murder, it emerges nonetheless as a highly melodramatic event, one which seems contrived when contrasted with the usual low pressure of the narrative. Like all naturalistic works, *Balm in Gilead* is persuasive and authentic only as long as it is pointless and meandering.

Without ever violating the spirit of Wilson's play, Malkovich discharges a directorial function that almost amounts to co-authorship. The suggestions of post-naturalist devices in the written text—music, for example, and an announcement of an intermission by one of the characters—Malkovich turns into an occasion for his own invention. First, he orchestrates a "sound design" that invades the overlapping dialogue, much of it improvised, enhancing it with thrilling sonic rock (the final Bruce Springsteen number literally rattles the seats of the theater). And supplementing the single non-illusionistic break for coffee in the lobby, he employs a character named Dopey to conduct and stage-manage the entire evening with a lighted cigarette. Dopey (played by a fellow-member of the Chicago company Steppenwolf, Gary Sinise, who directed Malkovich in *True West)* is a chain-smoking, bearded, Afro-haired junkie in dark glasses who wanders through the action for no apparent purpose other than to announce the post-nuclear triumph of cockroaches over civilization. The first stoned *raisonneur* in theatrical history, Dopey controls the music, lights, and action of the show, waving his cigarette like a baton to call the characters to attention and activate their specials and spots.

BUT EVEN before the play begins (post-naturalists know that plays should never "begin"), some of these derelicts are stumbling through the audience, selling lyrics for a sing-along, taking Polaroid shots of the spectators, nodding off in a corner. "Let's roll, man" brings the lights down in the auditorium and up on a seedy broken-down diner with plastic booths and graffiti walls where two homosexuals are ogling a male hustler named Tig and a couple of lesbians are quarreling over an anorexic whore with corn-row runs in her stockings. Slumped over the counter is Babe, a character who utters no more than two or three lines in the whole evening but whose static drugged state, as enacted in the highly concentrated performance of Debra Engle, rivets your attention. ("This piece of meat is done," observes one of the few who notice her, "take it off the fucking stove.") In short, none of the actors in this large cast (awesomely large by off-Broadway standards) is anything less than splendid or original, with the possible exception of the transvestite, Franny, played like a clone of John Lithgow in *Garp.*

The first and more convincing act is essentially local color filtered through a heroin-tinted spectrum. Following the intermission, the show is mostly monologues, the longest (five closely spaced pages of printed text) belonging to Darlene. In factual content, her tale is little more than an account of how Darlene and her boyfriend once bought a marriage license and then neglected to get married. But in emotional content, as performed by Laurie Metcalf, her monologue is a complete history of a soul who, though blighted by life, never quite loses faith in existence despite all the evidence of her senses. Miss Metcalf is also a member of Steppenwolf (as is the gifted Glenne Headly, playing the dazed hooker whose ear she bends). Looking doll-like in a miniskirt, acting with a slight lisp and an authentic Chicago accent, laughing through her own witticisms, relating how "the license got shuffled up with a lot of other things, and got a bend across it, all bent up," she eventually builds the character into a shattering emotional breakdown.

MUSIC COMES up under the end of her speech; a spot is held on her anguished features; the audience answers with applause—an unnecessary coda, one of the director's few false moves. But the moment is followed immediately by an ugly encounter, where Malkovich pulls no punches, between the transvestite Franny and Tig the hustler—surely one of the most explicit and brutal homosexual scenes ever seen in the American theater. And when Joe is stabbed in the midst of a children's Halloween revel—an event Wilson wants repeated three times—Malkovich stages the killing in a manner worthy of a street-wise choreographer, brutality and grace in fusion, a sanguinary dance of death.

"And I don't know," says Darlene, not even looking at the dead body of her lover, "Everyone was so tired and so down, and I thought, Christ, aren't we even moving? You know?" It is a decisive answer to the questions asked in the Book of Jeremiah from which Wilson took his ironic title—"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"—and both playwright and director would seem to have provided an unflinching view of unmediated, unmedicated reality. Yet, Wilson's play, for all its strengths, still falls short of being a satisfying work of art—not just because it fails to transcend its own naturalism and not because it is formally abrupt and incomplete, but because it somehow manages to contradict its own impulses. Wilson is almost Saroyanesque in his treatment of the

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lost and the dispossessed—whatever their habits and failings, almost all of his characters are basically good-hearted, with the exception of the hood who kills Joe. As in Saroyan's Manichean *Time of Your Life*, this is a contained society disrupted by external evil; the romantic sentiment hidden in the tough shell of Wilson's later plays, beginning with *Hot I Baltimore*, is just one step away.

Still, whatever the seeds it may be planting, *Balm in Gilead* is neither sentimental nor romantic and it has inspired a fine production, so let us be grateful. It has also established John Malkovich as a galvanizing director in the post-naturalist style and reconfirmed the talents of the Steppenwolf company, now unhappily disbanded and scattered. I long to see them in reunion soon, at work again with Malkovich on a great play from this tradition. How about *The Ice Man Cometh?*

Thomas Jefferson's dreams and disappointments.

THE RENAISSANCE AMERICAN

BY JUDITH N. SHKLAR

HOW are we to understand Thomas Jefferson? The epitaph he composed for himself at the end of his life tells us what he wanted us to think about him, and that is why it is as good a place as any to begin looking for the mind of this very reserved and elusive public man. "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson. Author of the American Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom. Father of the University of Virginia, because by these as testimonials that I have lived, I wish most to be remembered."

Writings: A Summary View of the Rights of British America, Notes on the State of Virginia, Public Papers, Addresses, Messages, and Replies, Miscellany, Letters by Thomas Jefferson. (The Library of America, 1,600 pp., $30)

He was first of all a Virginian, deeply loyal to his native state and his neighbors. Only the Declaration, his masterpiece, spoke for all the colonies and to the world at large. Proud as he was of it, he did not regard it as an original production. Almost fifty years after it was written he recalled that he had not meant to "find out new principles or arguments never before thought of, but to place before mankind the common sense of the subject to command their assent, and to justify ourselves. It was intended to be an expression of the American mind. All its authority rests then on the harmonizing sentiments of the day." It was drawn from conversations, shared reading, and the current pamphlet literature. In Jefferson's view the Declaration was not only his, but all of America's collective self-understanding. The enduring intensity of his democratic convictions was such that he considered his entire political career not as a personal activity, but as a wholly representative one. Even of his Presidency he said that many others could have done it just as well as he had.

To express "the American mind" is no small achievement, but the Declaration is also Jefferson's work, not least in its austere and dignified rhetoric. Part of it is meant to read like a legal brief, declaring a just war under prevailing rules of international law, and to show "a decent regard for the opinion of mankind," as well as to convince the French of America's determination. Its accusations against Great Britain are the sum of a decade's complaints. But the call for "the inalienable rights" of men created equal, and for a government "deriving its just power from the consent of the governed," was not meant for the statesmen of Europe. It was for Americans; it gave them a cause to fight for; and it was radical by any standards. For not all Americans

Judith N. Shklar is John Cowles Professor of Government at Harvard and author of *Ordinary Vices*, just published by Harvard University Press.

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thought of Great Britain as an "absolute tyranny," and unlike Jefferson many did feel a "last stab of agonized affection."

As a "hail and farewell," the Declaration is a perfectly stunning classical oration. It also has some of Jefferson's own most cherished beliefs in it. "Nature" or "nature's God" is a very cool deity—"The Creator," who is known only by his works. These show us that "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are rights derived from the necessities to which God's nature impels us. Self-preservation is possible only if we are free to protect the integrity of our lives, and as each one of us is created uniquely different, we must seek in our own way the happiness to which our nature also drives us. Freedom is a right because "the opinions and beliefs of men depend not on their own will," as Jefferson was to say over and over again for the rest of his life. It was standard Lockean moral psychology, and it has never been really dislodged from our public ethos.

THE BILL for the separation of state and church in Virginia, which Jefferson introduced and Madison saw through to enactment, expressed the same beliefs. Religious freedom was more than mere toleration. It meant the complete exclusion of religion from public life. Radical Protestantism had proposed such an arrangement to protect "the garden of the Lord" from the pollutions of the world, but Jefferson had other reasons for it. He really disliked the clergy and all organized religions. Priestcraft was responsible for our ignorance, superstition, and persecution. Nothing, moreover, could persuade Jefferson to accept the divinity of Christ. He named several of his French friends to prove that morality did not depend on Christian belief and that deists could be the best of men. On the contrary, Christianity had done nothing to promote morality, because Jesus had been betrayed by his followers from the first.

The famous "wall between church and state" was, Jefferson hoped, to protect the public against the "Gothic," backward-looking and inherently illiberal forces of revealed religion. In this, and his own natural religion, he was fortified by the thought that most southerners were as indifferent to religion as he was, and that only New England remained blighted by zealots. Evidently he misread the temper of his countrymen. The great revivals of religion were in full swing long before he died; and secularism never came to America at all. The wall encouraged the multiplication of Protestant sects, and may even have contributed to their sincerity and purity as Jefferson said he hoped it would. He was not at any time prepared, however, to make a profession of Christian faith, even though his friends urged him to do so, to dispel the rumors his political enemies were spreading that he was an atheist.

BEHIND these honorably held principles there was no deep moral philosophy. Jefferson had no interest in metaphysics or ethics, and he was bored even by political theory. He refused to read the books on that subject that Adams sent him, because he hated it. The reading lists he sent to other people all included the classical texts, with "etc." added at some point. He admitted to not having read some of them again since his youth. The history of law and jurisprudence did concern him, but for practical purposes. The republicanization of the common law and the reform of criminal procedure in Virginia were among the accomplishments of which, in another list of "services to my country," he was proud.

His ideas on morality appear in only fragmentary form in letters, often to young people for whose education he felt responsible. We all have a "moral sense," he believed, or a conscience which the Creator gave us when he made us sociable. It amounts to the golden rule and requires neither intelligence nor education. Its rules are not uniform, being guided by utility, which depends on time and place. This relativism did not imply, however, that right and wrong were matters of self-interest, or selfish satisfactions; they are decidedly other-directed. Still, at times he thought that Epicureanism was as close to moral truth as one could ever get. At other times he admired the Stoics. This sort of eclectic practical moralizing was not unusual in the eighteenth century, especially among those who, like Jefferson, named Bacon, Locke, and Newton as their true heroes.

The only cure for mankind's self-inflicted ills was education. The rock upon which democracy would be built was elementary education for all citizens and the best of university educations for its "natural aristocrats," that is, for intellectually gifted men. From the *Notes on Virginia* of 1782 to the end of his days, Jefferson urged a comprehensive system of education upon his state. It was to begin with three years of free elementary schooling at the "ward" level, which was also to serve as the basic unit of local government, like the New England town meeting. Primary schools were to give every citizen the skills required for productive work and active political participation. Next there was to be an eight-year course of secondary education for which the rich would pay, while the gifted poor would attend at public expense.

The curriculum was vague, but it seemed to involve nothing less than a complete set of college-level courses in all literary, scientific, and historical subjects, as well as Greek, Latin, and several modern languages. Jefferson spent little time thinking through this part of his scheme. It was meant to prepare students at the district level for the university. Like future generations of Americans, he obviously could not figure out what high schools were supposed to achieve. But he was quite clear about one point. It was in each secondary school that, after two years of trials, twenty of "the best geniuses will be raked from the rubbish annually," and educated for six more years. As these awful words show, there is a war between egalitarian and meritocratic impulses even in dreams. For neither one of these schemes came to anything more.

JEFFERSON'S only educational success was the University of Virginia, which he planned and whose buildings reveal his enormous gifts as an architect no less than Monticello does. His hope was that the university would train future Virginians for the professions, and for political leadership. The faculty were not to be disciplinarians, but fathers to the students, which the arrangement of the buildings encouraged. There was to be a lot of student self-government, which would "be more likely to nourish in the minds of our youth the combined spirit of order and self-respect, so congenial with our political institutions and so important to be woven into the American character." When there was a riot in 1825 he was all for expelling the ringleaders, and for asking the legislature for power to call in the civil authority and to put students in jail with exactly "the same legal coercions, provided against disorder generally, committed by other

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citizens, from whom, at their age, they have no right to distinction."

It is not surprising that Jefferson was proud of the university he had founded, especially when one considers what its education was meant to accomplish. It was to create leaders, to train scientists and professional men, to be the source of unabating progress—and finally to replace politics. For an enlightened citizenry would freely entrust offices to its natural aristocrats. Knowledge, especially scientific knowledge, would make Americans open-minded, free, and responsible. If he did not believe in human perfection, then, Jefferson certainly did expect constant improvement, a word he loved; and schools were to be the temples and workshops in which improvement would be received and created. How else were ordinary men to become fit for free democratic republican government? "The principal foundations of future order are laid here," he wrote of the public school. That faith was not the least of his legacies. He looked only ahead. The past was put into the shadow. The world belongs to the living, who owe nothing to their ancestors. It would have distressed Jefferson to think that he would become a "Founding Father." Every generation should start afresh, and assume responsibilities only for itself and for the future.

A DEMOCRATIC natural aristocracy could not be educated in Europe. Only future physicians should still go to England for their medical training. All a young American learns there is "drinking, horse racing and boxing. . . ." He also acquires "a fondness for European luxury and dissipation, and a contempt for the simplicity of his own country, and sees with abhorrence, the lovely equality which the poor enjoy with the rich in his own country." The word was not yet in use, but what Jefferson already knew was that a European education created American snobs. He also thought that it ruined their health and sexual morals.

In fact, he detested England and its ways, and he hated Hamilton and his followers for their admiration of our former rulers. The best and most distinguished Americans have "manners, morals and habits" that "are perfectly homogeneous with those of the country." He was perhaps thinking of Dr. Franklin, "the most amiable of men in society," who, Jefferson wrote to his

The New American Dilemma

Liberal Democracy and School Desegregation

Jennifer L. Hochschild

When traditional democratic methods are used to desegregate schools, both blacks and whites end up worse off—with little freedom and equality for blacks, much disruption and pain for both races, and few educational gains for anyone. However, says Hochschild, the evidence shows that school desegregation can succeed if rapid and extensive change is imposed by non-elected officials and without citizen involvement.

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own grandson, made it a rule "never to contradict anybody," and who had mastered the art of true politeness. "Politeness," the boy was told, "is artificial good humor," and its object is to "conciliate others, and make them pleased with us as well as themselves. How cheap a price for the good will of another." In this respect, as in so many others, Jefferson came to admire the French. How pleasant it would be if Americans would make "those little sacrifices of self which really render European manners amiable, and relieve society from disagreeable scenes to which rudeness often subjects it." That, and the lack of good music, were the only defects that Jefferson was ready to recognize in America compared to Europe.

Jefferson's patriotism was intense, both in a cultural and a martial sense. Most of his writings on natural history were designed to refute Buffon's and Raynal's charges that the flora, fauna, and human population of the Americas were inferior to those of Europe. He was also entirely in favor of expansion, so that the United States would control the northern part of the hemisphere and keep European influence out of the South. The purchase of Louisiana was something he had long hoped for; only the absence of constitutional provisions for such an act bothered him. But he was so pleased with the result that he regarded that aspect of the matter as a mere "scrape." In fact he was hawkish generally, especially when American shipping was endangered on the Barbary Coast or by Britain. Unlike Adams, he thought that it would be best "to effect peace through the medium of war" rather than by negotiations. "Honor favors it. It would procure us respect in Europe, and respect is the safe-guard to interest." In the long run it would be "less expensive." And to Washington he wrote in 1788 that "The power of making war often prevents it, and in our case would give efficacy to our desire of peace." As President he declared that "our attention should unremittingly be fixed on the safety of our country. For people who are free, and who mean to remain so, a well-organized and armed militia is their best security."

Moreover, foreign war was not the only occasion for a useful show of force. A little rebellion every so often would prevent any budding despotic tendencies in American government as well. For more than anything else Jefferson cherished the novelty and the democracy of America's political institutions. Only representative democracy is self-correcting, and only the people learn from their mistakes. "Calamity was our best physician," when we erred politically, and it was the people who responded by redressing the faults of state governments. In youth and in old age he was equally convinced "that the people are the only safe depositories of their own liberty." That made their enlightenment, however, all the more important.

Political leadership could not seem very significant to a man who put so

Cul De Sac Valley

I

A panel of sunrise
on a country shop
gave these stanzas
their stilted shape.

If I am as honest,
if my craft is as
accurate, as blest
as a carpenter's,

every frame, intent
on its angles, would
echo this settlement
of well-trimmed wood

as consonants scroll
from my shaving-plane
in the fragrant Creole
of their native grain.

From a trestle-bench
they'd curl at my foot,
C's, R's, with a French
or West-African root

in a dialect throng-
ing, in leaves unread
yet light on the tongue
of the mountain road,

but drawing towards
each pegged-out line
with bevelled boards
made of imported pine,

like sucked-in shoal
exhaling trees toss
their heads: *canelles,*
bois-flot, eucalyptus,

hissing: *what you wish*
from us will never be
your words is English,
is a different tree.

II

In the rivulet's gravel
light gutturals begin,
in the valley, a mongrel,
a black vowel barking,

sends up floating ovals;
by a brightening bridge
road-menders with shovels
scrape bubbling pitch.

Every grating squeak
reaching this height
is a tongue they speak
in, but cannot write.

Smoke goes straight
up, its vein unveering,
from the ochre height
of a charcoal clearing.

Crusted clouds open
like the pith of loaves
in an old clay oven
wrapped in fig leaves.

Gnat-ringed rain-water
smooths back to glass.
In an oil-drum, a tree
bends, splashing her face.

And the tree turns into
a girl, climbing stairs
from the yard who enters
this stanza. Now tears

fill her eyes, a mirror's
tears, as its nape-knot is
pulled tight by her mother's
comb. But their four eyes

say: 'In His countenance
are all the valleys made
shining.' Swifter hands
plait the rivulet's braid.

As surf in the branches
is assembling its shoal
of blue-uniform stanzas
in the Government school,

reciting this language
that, on a black board
blinds her like a page
of glare on the road,

she is ambling towards
an inner silence, along
a red track the forest
swallows like a tongue.

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much weight on education. And Jefferson was a dismal failure as the wartime governor of Virginia, and (apart from the Louisiana Purchase) was not a particularly successful President. Nor did he enjoy office. As a young man the "spice of ambition" and the desire for fame drove him on, but throughout he longed for another sort of life. Even before composing the Declaration he wrote to a Virginia friend that "my first wish is a restoration of our just rights; my second, a return to the happy period when consistently with duty, I may withdraw myself totally from a public stage, and pass the rest of my days in domestic ease and tranquility." At last, thirty-four years later, he could really become "the hermit of Monticello," which he never left again.

During the intervening years he had been Ambassador to France, Washington's Secretary of State, and a two-term President, not to mention his services to Virginia. Did he really only do his painful duty? He certainly was ambivalent enough about political power to think so. He had always feared the expansion of executive power. A single term was enough. No government was really safe, he argued, as he prodded Madison to add a Bill of Rights to the federal Constitution. (And in due course he was uneasy about the federal judiciary as well.) Most of all, there were his own inclinations. What did this man not want to know? Everything interested him. From architecture to zoology, he had read and thought about every subject. His curiosity, no less than his intelligence, was unlimited. So he was entirely sincere when, at the end of his years of political service, he wrote, "Never did a prisoner released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall in shaking off the shackles of power. Nature intended me for the tranquil pursuit of science, by rendering them my supreme delight."

As a scientist he was an inventor rather than a researcher. Usefulness was never far from his mind. With that pragmatism, moreover, came a great personal flexibility. He was quite capable of admitting mistakes. After Napoleon came to power, Jefferson told Adams that the latter had been right about the French Revolution. Jefferson had been in Paris during its course and had seen no enemies to the left. In retrospect he changed his mind. He also accepted the necessity of commerce and manufacturing, because they secured America's independence from Europe, and because most of his countrymen wanted them, even though he was firmly convinced that the self-sufficient farmer was the best and most upright of citizens, the bearer of republican rectitude. He really thought that a central bank and stock-jobbers were the greatest danger to republican government.

At no time did Jefferson seem to realize that slavery, not Anglophilia, banking, or religious enthusiasm, was the real cancer eating away the very heart of American democracy. He knew that it was unjust to blacks, and a menace to

III

Noon. Dry cicadas whine
like the rusting pedals
of her mother's machine
then stop. Pink petals

drift like snipt cloth
in the stitched silence.
Like pollen, their growth
means her providence.

Noon stitches a tree
with irregular shade;
from so much symmetry
our backs are tired.

The row of Sphinxes
that my eyes rest on
are hills as fixed as
their stony question,

but my memory is small
as the sea's thin sound,
what I vaguely recall
is a line of white sand,

and lines in the mahogany
of cured faces and stones
muttering under a stony
river, but the questions

dissolving will unravel
their knots, like mountain
springs whose hoarse gravel
keeps rising in rain,

as a woodsman relaxes
to hear the sky split
seconds after the axe's
stroke, the names fit

their echo: Mahaut!
Forestière, and far,
the leaf-hoarse echo
of Mabouya! And, ah!

the hill rises and eats
from my hand, the mongrel
yelping happily, repeats
vowel after black vowel,

the boughs bow to me
the dialects applaud
as the sap of memory
leaps barking upward!

IV

West of each stanza
that the sunrise made
banana-fields answer
their light; overhead,

a hawk that wheeled,
my heart in its beak
to the rimmed world
is bringing it back

to the fading bridge
and the river that turns
in its bed, and the ridge
where the schoolgirl returns

from her lessons, late.
Which shack was hers?
Now, she climbs straight
to the door of this verse,

and sits to a supper
of bread and fry-fish
as trees support her
in darkening English.

The shack windows flare.
Green fireflies range
igniting Forestière,
Orléans, Bois d'Orange,

and the forest runs
sleeping, its eyes shut,
except for one glance
from a passing hut,

and the silent leaves
in white beams ahead
show a hill that heaves
up like a pyramid.

In the tunnelling night
embers fly. A shop-door
flings a panel of light
on the road and an odour

of saltfish. A dry sand
pile scatters in stars.
Cat-like Pigeon Island
pins the sea in its paws.

DEREK WALCOTT

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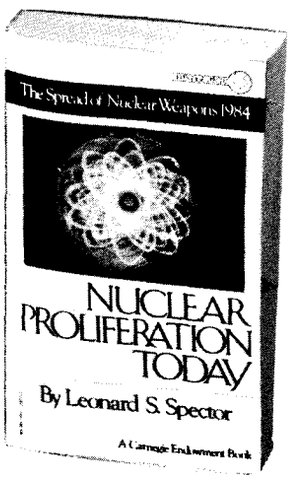

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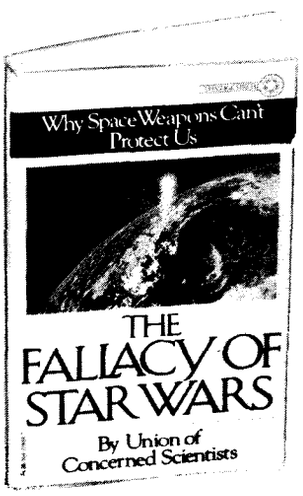

The idea of overcoming the threat of a nuclear attack by putting protective weapons in outer space continues to be a lively issue. In an effort to bridge the alarming gap in public understanding of precisely what such schemes involve, Union of Concerned Scientists, an independent, non-profit organization, addresses the question in terms the layman can understand, tracing the origins of space weapons and the basis of the continuing debate between the Administration and the scientific community over the feasibility of such programs. Illustrated.

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the morals and the temper of the white slave owners. But he was so conveniently convinced of black inferiority that he could come up with nothing better than a wholly fantastic colonization scheme. And having condemned the institution, he felt absolved from further action; instead he indulged in speculation and blamed others for the predicament of the South.

AND IF HIS response to black slavery was completely inadequate, his dealing with Indians was even more lamentable. On one hand he ascribed all sorts of heroic characteristics to them, in order to parade before European eyes a distinguished American pre-history like that which Greece and Rome had once provided. But when he dealt with Indian chiefs directly he addressed them as "my children," and spoke to them in a revolting baby talk of his own invention. His avowed policy was "to bribe them into peace and to retain them in peace by eternal bribes." This was both economical and humane, he claimed. In fact he could see neither Indians nor blacks as anything but part of the flora and fauna of America, and his only regret toward them was that "they have never been viewed by us as subjects of natural history."

When a black writer sent Jefferson an almanac, he wrote him back to say that it proved that the black race was not altogether beneath the white. It never occurred to him to treat this man, or anyone else who was not white, as an individual. They were just instances of a species to be looked at and classified. This is a view of mankind that has nothing to recommend it under any circumstances, but it is utterly intolerable when it is proposed by someone who valued individuality as much as Jefferson did. "I never submitted the whole system of my opinions to the creed of any party of men whatever in religion, in philosophy, in politics, or in anything else where I was capable of thinking for myself. Such an addiction is the last degradation of a free and moral agent." In principle he was quite ready to admit that the presumed intellectual failings of black people did not justify the deprivation of their rights, just as Newton's genius did not entitle him to political privilege; but in practice he found it impossible to see them as human beings at all. His genial optimism, his self-confidence no less than his faith in improvement, made him blind to the

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situation of those who had no part in, or were even obstacles to, America's expansive future, its geographic, scientific, and political pre-eminence.

Now that Jefferson's world is "lost" forever, what does he say to us? His hatreds can still inspire us. Intolerance, ignorance, persecution, despotism, and the suffering they bring—all are still here. But a liberal patriotism that is racist and has no room for anyone except the intelligent and the self-sufficient will not do. We cannot speak decently of the uneducated as "rubbish," nor shun the physical and spiritual needs of those who depend on others, or whose will to believe remains untouched by science or skepticism. It is not even democratic. For all Jefferson's talk about "the people," he seems to have had no very clear idea of what they were like. He knew only that the white male American farmer was superior to the "*canaille*" of European cities. And yet, for all that, he remains an icon. This is the man who put human rights on the map forever. If he had no sense of tragedy, no real idea of history, and no profound understanding of the human heart, he was still a great man, and for the very reasons for which he wanted us to honor him. He was also, as his letters show, affectionate, charming, clever, alert, curious, and good-humored: the best American character.

These reflections have been prompted by a new selection of Jefferson's writings edited by Merrill D. Peterson for the Library of America. At $30 it is not sufficiently superior to replace his paperback, the *Portable Thomas Jefferson*, published by Viking Press in 1975, which costs less than $10. To be sure, the new book is handsome, and it contains three times as many letters as the old one. It suffers, however, from several defects. There are absolutely no notes. The recipients of letters are not identified. Nothing indicates the circumstances under which a given item was written. The table of contents is inconveniently chopped up to precede each section, rather than in one piece at the beginning of the book. A bare chronology does for biographical material, and the index is not perfect. If this is to be the American equivalent of the *Pleiade*, it has a long way to go. Jefferson would not have approved.

THE SLIDE INTO SLAUGHTER

The Fateful Alliance: France, Russia, and the Coming of the First World War by George Kennan

(Pantheon, 300 pp., $19.95)

To read George Kennan's new book is to realize more cogently than ever before exactly why Woodrow Wilson and his fellow Americans were so deeply suspicious of European secret diplomacy. The sheer carelessness with which a few men—sick, senile, crooked, or ingenuous, almost all third-raters—disposed of the future of a whole generation of Europeans (not to mention the world they left for our own) makes for terrifying reading. The author is much to be congratulated for the diligence with which he has delved into a wealth of little known material, compounding it with his own extraordinary lifetime of diplomatic experience.

The Fateful Alliance is really the second part of a three-part study of the formulation of the Franco-Russian pact that provided the essential backdrop to August 1914. However you look at it, it was a pretty unnatural alliance, certainly as of its date exactly twenty years before the outbreak of World War I; it was about as unforeseeable a relationship in its context as, say, the U.S. entente with Japan that has evolved in the aftermath of Hiroshima. After all, it was not so many years prior to the crucial date of 1894 that Alexander III, the absolute ruler of all the Russias, and forebear of the signatory of the "fateful alliance," declared on hearing the latest news from Paris: "To your horses! France is a Republic!"

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The first part of Kennan's triptych, published in 1979 under the title of *The Decline of Bismarck's European Order*, dealt with the gradual dissolution of the earlier bonds between Russia and Bismarck's Germany. This new volume picks up the threads in 1890, with Bismarck's retirement—"the dropping of the pilot," in that immortal caption of the *Punch* cartoon—and the failure of Germany to renew the expiring "Reinsurance Treaty" with Russia. Until A. J. P. Taylor made us think rather than simply accept other historians' secondhand views, it had long been fashionable to blame Wilhelm II for almost single-handedly bringing about 1914. Certainly the young new Kaiser was a bit of a boorish lout, unpredictable and given to disagreeable utterances (though nothing he ever said sounded more bellicose than Mr. Gromyko's daily litany). But in 1890 there was no reason for seeing in him the threat to European peace that he later became. It remains, therefore, almost inexplicable, as Kennan most ably and persuasively shows, that Czar Alexander III should have wanted to reject the renewal of the wise and cautious treaties fashioned by Bismarck. After all, they effectually provided for Russia's security from attack by her imperial neighbors, Germany and Austria, while at the same time keeping her out of a renewed conflict in the West between France and Germany.

IT IS equally inexplicable that Alexander III should have been rewarded by having the nineteenth century's most beautiful bridge named after him in Paris, when it was his initiatives which led directly to the death of over a million Frenchmen in the trenches. (It would have been more appropriate, in fact, for his memory to be lapidarized by a structure of "Soviet Realism" across the Neva, since there would have been little prospect of Lenin seizing power in 1917 without the diplomatic groundwork laid for him by the Czar back in 1894.) France, of course, with her aching grievance over the German rape of Alsace-Lorraine, had the stronger motivation for espousing an alliance with Czarist Russia—thus confronting Germany with a potential enemy on both sides. Had any of her leaders conceived what the human cost of regaining Alsace-Lorraine might be, however, would they have been so rashly keen to press the 1894 alliance?

This is the essential lesson that Kennan teaches, with all its ominous relevance for today. He sees the tragedy extensively in human terms. Alexander had a glandular distrust of Germans and Germany, compounded by a personal dislike for the new Kaiser (which Wilhelm II did his best to encourage); he also had doubts as to whether the Kings of Prussia had a legal right to the imperial title (though, of course, he entertained none about his own). He was a burned out man, scarred by the brutal assassination of his reforming father, Alexander II, and the evils of liberalism. His heavy-handed oppression of the Jews in Russia (nothing new here) came close to ruining his chances for the pact he sought with France. The one restraining influence on him, Giers, his Foreign Secretary, who valued the stabilizing ties with Germany, was also sick and senescent. Both died within a year of the signature of the "fateful treaty." Crippled with rheumatics, he was out of St. Petersburg during the critical days when the treaty was being formulated; when it was finally presented to him in draft, he was too sick even to read it properly. One is reminded of Britain's Foreign Secretary Grey, who was fishing as Europe began to burn in that summer of 1914.

In France, too, complications of domestic politics removed politically responsible hands from the tiller at critical moments. President Carnot himself was assassinated the year the pact was concluded; thus the new secret alliance—so secret that its obligations were known only to a handful of men—passed to the control of a completely new set of politicians. Still, the majority of French leaders sought ardently for an alliance with Russia as the only way to right the wrongs of the harsh peace imposed (by Bismarck's generals) after the defeat of 1870. From then on the determining factor never ceased to be the recovery of the fair provinces of Alsace-Lorraine: "speak of it never, forget it never." There was, as Kennan points out, an alarming general sense in France of the inevitability of another major war; and it gradually permeated Russia too.

Another trick in the bag was Mohrenheim, the unscrupulous Russian ambassador in France. Sold out to the "hawks" lobby in France, he fudged telegrams to the Czar for personal gain. But basically it was upon the military, upon Generals Boisdeffre and Obruchev, in default of the politicians, that responsibility for fashioning the new relationship evolved. Here Kennan shows to bloodcurdling effect what happens when a ponderous military mechanism starts grinding into gear, almost impossible to reverse once the cogs are turning. Obruchev accepted early on in the negotiations that "one had to mobilize at once and to start the war on the day of mobilization," which is precisely what was to happen in 1914, of course, making any prospect of eleventh-hour restraint impossible. There was equally no question of a new European war being one of those polite eighteenth-century affairs fought for limited aims, without overturning dynasties or destroying nations. (Here I query, however, whether the author takes sufficient cognizance of such nineteenth-century affairs as the Napoleonic Wars, Sadowa in 1866, and the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.) By 1894, the belligerent Czar, swept along by Obruchev and the French, was quite clear in his mind: "We must correct the mistakes of the past and destroy Germany at the first possible moment."

AGAIN one sees here the gruesome inevitability with which the Kaiser's advisers, realizing that they faced swift destruction by being attacked simultaneously from East and West, reacted by drawing up the preemptive Schlieffen Plan. This called for an immediate all-out thrust on France, while remaining on the defensive against Russia until France was knocked out. As every schoolboy knows, the first stages of the Schlieffen Plan could only work if the German armies marched through neutral Belgium, thus bringing Britain into the game and escalating "a little local difficulty" (as Harold Macmillan would have called it)—an archduke bumped off in the Balkans—into truly a world war. It was a strategy repeated in essence by Hitler; and one might even detect the Schlieffen philosophy, its notion of how a state squares up to the menace of "encirclement" by more numerous foes, in campaigns like the Middle East war of 1967.

One of the extraordinary, and quite alarming, features of the negotiations between the two military men, Obruchev and Boisdeffre, is that they gave not a moment's thought to political objectives, to the benefits Russia might gain from a defeated Germany (the ben-

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efits to France were clear—the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine), to the matter of what sort of Europe might result. When questioned by Giers, Czar Alexander reckoned that a defeated Germany would break up into a number of small, weak states. Of course this presupposed the liquidation of the Hohenzollern imperial dynasty; there was no thought of what a major war, successful or otherwise, might do to the Romanovs. Thus the aim of the 1894 pact was simply to guarantee that, in the event of either France or Russia being attacked, each would automatically march on Germany. At first the Russians jibbed nervously at what the French General Staff asked of them—the fielding of 1.6 million men within fourteen days on the Eastern Front. It was a great deal for an underdeveloped country which, as of 1890, could only count a total of 730,000 combat troops. Already one is talking in World War I figures. But eventually, after a year and a half of talking, the hawks won the day.

AMONG the key factors well expounded in Kennan's masterly book is the extraordinary lack of realism on all sides. The diplomats and politicians all seemed to be living in Looking-Glass Land. The Germans showed vast insensitivity in failing to realize that, without a new "nonaggression" pact with Germany, Russia would be likely to seek alliance with France. There was also a total lack of realism in Franco-Russian apprehensions that the British might link up with the Triple Alliance of Germany-Austria-Italy. Equally unrealistic were British and Russian fears of each other's intentions in Central Asia. Nobody in the planners' ivory towers ever seemed to consider what military capabilities there might be for adventures into Afghanistan or Northern India, even if the will for such adventures existed. In St. Petersburg the British Embassy apparently spent its time relaying court gossip back to the Foreign Office.

But most terrifying of all, amid the complex and confused comings-and-goings that Kennan sorts out so well, was the acceptance, which gradually became almost universal, of the inevitability of war. Kennan writes, imperatively and unashamedly, under the modern nuclear shadow. "One sees," is his concluding message, "how the unjustified assumption of war's likelihood could become the cause of its final inevitabil-

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ity. . . . One sees finally, the inability of otherwise intelligent men to perceive the inherently self-destructive quality of warfare among the great industrial powers of the modern age." Although Obruchev and Boisdeffre had some margin for error (their mistakes led to the death of only some few million young European males), "we of this generation can claim neither of these mitigating circumstances."

It is not easy reading (the Kennan style does not always lure the reader into the dense diplomatic detail), but *The Fateful Alliance* is of the utmost value for the new windows it opens. One generally thinks of 1911 as the date when the train of gunpowder began to be mixed in Europe, and of Kaiser Wilhelm as being the absolute villain. Not so, says Kennan, putting his finger on those dangerously secret commitments from 1894 onward that lay almost forgotten and festering in the strongboxes of the Paris and St. Petersburg Pentagons, waiting for Pandora to come along. It is to be hoped that Kennan will hurry along with his third and final volume.

ALISTAIR HORNE

Alistair Horne is the author of numerous books on modern French history. His latest, *The French Army and Politics, 1870-1970*, has just been published by Peter Bedrick Inc.

THEY ALL LAUGHED

The Great Clowns of Broadway by Stanley Green

(Oxford University Press, 247 pp., $19.95)

We've known all along that, in the nature of things, clowns vanish. They vanish because most of what they do is improvised rather than written down, spontaneous rather than logically arrived at. Clowns have always been as impermanent as fireflies; if you can (without leaping to the reference shelf) name me a single performer who's remembered today for his work in a commedia del l'arte troupe during that popular form's two hundred years of scriptless tomfoolery, I shall reluctantly reward you by handing over one of my true treasures: an almost unintelligible three-line joke rescued from Stan Laurel's notebook. Almost unintelligible because Laurel isn't there to perform it. When he left, he took the line-reading with him.

Well, I suppose you could come up with a name from somewhere: Grimaldi, maybe. But can you tell me what he, or any other sublime fool, *did*, and can you make what he did sound funny? Hard, hard, hard; for clowns tend to behave in idiosyncratic—and hence unique—ways, while history seems to unearth no more than very bare bones.

If it's always been tough to summon up a memory of long-dead clowns, the effort has grown tougher again in recent years—certainly in the American theater. There are few souls about today who can say, or even imagine, what Bert Williams may have been like in 1915. Bert Williams forsooth! Find me a man who can discuss Bobby Clark in suitable depth. I have, of course, long since learned that in polite society the barest mention of someone like Joe Cook is an unbeatable conversation stopper.

The buffoons we once cherished are going, going, gone—and, what is worse, they are not being replaced. The tradition has been broken, and the likes of Bea Lillie and Bert Lahr—the new clowns who ought to have been their successors—do not occupy our stages. We cannot begin to forget them because we've never laid eyes on them. Terrible.

In *The Great Clowns of Broadway*, Stanley Green has written a book about ten of these irreplaceable people who are not being replaced. His tone isn't mournful, as mine is; when his workaday prose isn't being badgered by too many facts (opening dates, closing dates, titles of sketches he never saw) it is close to gleeful. Gleeful about a fellow who wore a huge fur coat and carried a matching fur cane (Bobby Clark), a Jewish comedienne who didn't know a word of Yiddish but learned it just to please Irving Berlin (Fanny Brice), a giggling zany with a face like a popover who invented an eleven-foot pole for people you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole (Ed Wynn, and don't tell me that's a terrible joke; Ed Wynn had the best terrible jokes that ever were), and an everlastingly grinning pixie named Joe Cook who built an entire career out of flatly refusing to imitate four Hawaiians. Plus Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Willie Howard, W. C. Fields, Jimmy Durante, and Victor Moore. (Mr. Green does not include the Marx Brothers. I think he's upset because they did only three Broadway shows before sneaking off to Hollywood forever. All right. *I'm* upset because they only did three Broadway shows. But they struck gold, please remember, with all three. In the circumstances, I say three strikes are *in*. I also have deep misgivings about any list of major clowns that doesn't make room for Nancy Walker.)

Never mind. We must make note of less debatable matters.

The first clear conclusion that leaps at us from these pages is that the natural home of all these enchanted vagabonds was the musical revue. Not musical comedy, with a story to tell. The confines of a story would only have inhibited such an insanely inventive crew. And not vaudeville, either, though it was from vaudeville that most of them came. Vaudeville had the curious habit of freezing its people at the level of first success: whenever Victor Moore, say, wasn't otherwise occupied, he and his wife played the same sketch on vaudeville stages from 1902 to 1924.

Revue was the form in which they grew. Madmen and madwomen could grow in the form not because it was shapeless but because the shape it had was themselves. That is to say, lacking a plot to tie things together and boasting only the flimsiest sort of concept (newspaper headlines, ocean cruises) to help the designer give the show some visual style, a revue depended utterly on a congenial assortment of personalities—personalities who'd not only do their single turns but would double up for duets, triple up for trios, and pop in and out of each other's sketches at will and/or random (though Ed Wynn had no business under that pool table the night W. C. Fields nearly knocked him

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out cold with a billiard cue). The interchange of players was the fun of it. The interchange of players was also the glue of it. And many shows used a lot of glue. The cast for the *Ziegfield Follies of 1915* included W. C. Fields, Ed Wynn, Ann Pennington, Mae Murray, Bert Williams, Ina Claire, Leon Errol, and George White. (Do you, too, wish you'd been born a little earlier?)

If reviews helped to create these clowns, they became, in consequence, the only form that could use them—use them to the full, that is. During her long career Beatrice Lillie appeared in only three straight plays, one of which was Bernard Shaw's *Too True to Be Good*. Mr. Green tells us that "the restrictions of saying every line as written with no chance for ad libs left Bea with one desire during the play's run: she wanted to appear again in a good revue." Before she was done, she appeared in thirty-two. The Shuberts put Willie Howard into seven revues in eleven years.

THE SECOND thing Mr. Green's text bears witness to is the fact that the clowns brought with them a fringe benefit—call it a lunatic fringe benefit, if you like. The sketches in which they appeared provided the theater as a whole with its only genuine form of self-criticism. More sketches than not were parodies, wild yet meaningful burlesques of contemporary serious drama, musicals, operettas, whatever. This contribution was not unimportant. For instance, Mr. Green reminds us that in 1934's *Life Begins at 8:40*, Bert Lahr and Ray Bolger strolled onto a bridge as Parisians "wearing Inverness capes over their formal clothes." While preparing to jump into the Seine,

> they discover that they are committing suicide over the same woman. Suddenly, the woman (Luella Gear) rushes in, reveals that her heart is torn between them, and since she has just seen Noel Coward's *Design for Living*, has decided that they can all live happily together. With that, the two overjoyed men dance and sing and then hug and kiss each other. Now realizing that they no longer have need for a woman, they dump Luella into the Seine.

Nor did our clowns confine themselves to kidding other people's shows, songs, or shtick. They laced into their own tried-and-true bad habits. Doing her umpteenth variation on "My Man" in a *Ziegfield Follies*, Fanny Brice interrupted herself in the middle of the song to point out that she'd been singing

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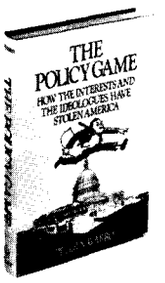

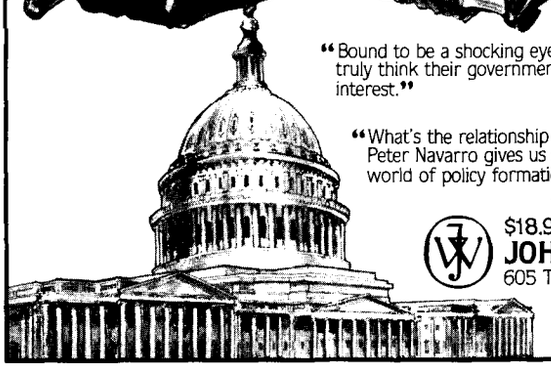

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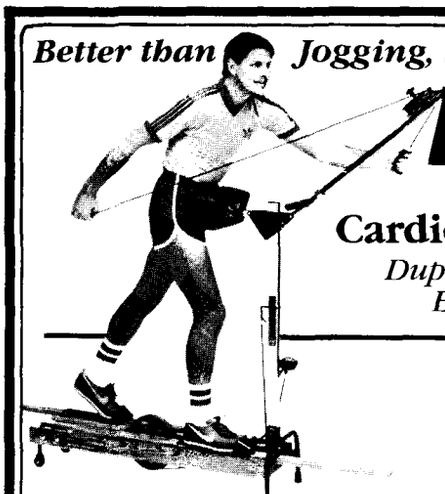

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about this bum for fifteen years under different titles and that there was nothing she'd rather do than unload the lout.

When the *Oklahoma* revolution wiped out the musical revue, along with various other forms of theatrical entertainment, new clowns had no playground on which to assert and expand their skills. Some old clowns managed interesting adjustments. Bert Lahr found that he could do *Godot*, not to mention Molière. Bobby Clark skittered his way, the tails of his greatcoat trailing, into Molière *and* Sheridan (his Bob Acres was positively celestial and has unquestionably reopened in heaven). Ed Wynn successfully went "straight" in films and television. But even for the survivors this was at best part-time work, and those who couldn't hack it at all simply wandered away. The impression given by Mr. Green's book is that it wasn't the lost work they missed so much, or the money. They missed their audiences, the guests they'd so convivially played host to.

Now Mr. Green hasn't entirely captured *all* of the zanies he dotes on. He can't quite give us back Willie Howard as an active presence, and he seems more concerned with keeping track of Jimmy Durante's comings and goings than he does in evoking the personality who simultaneously hadda go and hadda stay. He seems less knowledgeable about Fanny Brice than about Bobby Clark; he probably just plain saw more Clark than Brice. Nonetheless, he has caught here and there the sense of obligation, of trust, of dependence, of *closeness* that both hosts and guests felt. Joe Cook: "If my sight gags are funny, they are the result of the faith that moves mountains." Ed Wynn: "A comedian is not a man who says funny things, a comedian is one who says things funny." And Fanny Brice: "I made a deal with the audience every time I came out. I look at them, I smile at them, and I tell them—and by looking at me they know—that this is really a private party. It's just between them and me."

This book reminds us of how good it felt to be one of them. It further suggests that clowns don't vanish just because the clowns themselves wander away; they vanish because the audience wanders away, fragmenting and diffusing the crazy thing that happened. What is truly sad is that twenty-five years from now no one will be able to write this sort of book. We're not sending in the clowns.

WALTER KERR

Walter Kerr is a Pulitzer Prize-winning drama critic and the author of *The Silent Clowns* (Knopf).

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THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN

The Nature of the Child
by Jerome Kagan

(Basic Books, 309 pp., $22.50)

Jerome Kagan, who is a professor of psychology at Harvard, is recognized as one of the world's leading experts on child development. In this well-written, fascinating book, he summarizes what is now known about the psychological development of the child from infancy onward, and in doing so he challenges many current assumptions about the family and its influence.

Throughout the book, Kagan's emphasis is on the interaction between biology and experience. However well endowed a child may be genetically, his brain will not develop its full potential unless he is exposed to stimulation and the opportunity to act. Moreover, from the very earliest days, there is competition between brain cells. "If the right hand is used more than the left, the neural connections that serve the right hand expand their sphere of dominance; those serving the left lose some power."

Kagan begins by considering the human infant, remarking that "the properties of the infant are so distinct from those of the older child that it is not surprising that all societies regard the first two years of life as a special period of development." But what is emphasized, or indeed assumed, as being universally true about infants is shown by Kagan to depend upon historical and cultural factors which are highly variable. Thus Melanie Klein's attribution of extremely aggressive impulses to the infant was formulated during the 1930s, when control of childhood aggression was a major preoccupation of Western society. "Since the Second World War, childhood aggression has become more acceptable and, accordingly, Klein's description has become obsolete." Whereas psychoanalysts have stressed the supposed course of *emotional* development in the infant,

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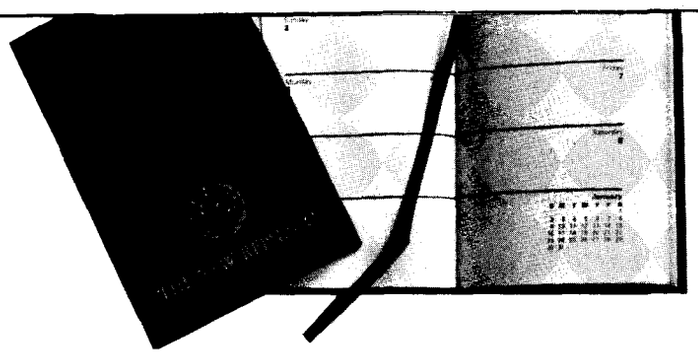
Kagan emphasizes *cognitive* development, and shows that in many instances the capacity to experience emotions depends upon the prior development of cognitive potential.

Modern research into the capacities of infants is fascinatingly ingenious. Even newborn babies can be shown to develop schemata; that is, representations of experience that are stored in the brain and that remain as standards against which subsequent experiences can be evaluated. Like adults, infants pay more attention to the unexpected and unfamiliar. Learning depends upon noticing and assimilating discrepancy; but discrepancies which are too great, and which therefore cannot be assimilated, generate uncertainty and then anxiety. In the second half of the first year, infants commonly exhibit fear of unfamiliar adults, and fear of separation from their mothers. Kagan maintains that the development of these fears depends upon the development of the infant's cognitive capacities rather than upon the quality of his relation with the mother. That is, it is only when the infant has become able to compare his schema of the mother with the unfamiliar appearance of the stranger that anxiety occurs; and this argues a considerable development of memory and the power of retrieval of previously received information.

IN SIMILAR fashion, the fact that separation anxiety tends to decrease from about the age of 2 depends upon the child having developed the cognitive capacity for understanding the significance of the mother's departure and upon having gained the knowledge that she will return. Although Kagan does not dispute the importance of "secure attachment" to the mother or other caretakers in early childhood, he suggests that our present preoccupation with this theme may be overdone. It is by no means proven that vulnerability to anxiety is related to the presence or absence of "secure attachment" in early infancy. Temperamental differences between infants can be demonstrated from the earliest days after birth, before there can be any question of attachment having developed. What Kagan calls "inhibition to the unfamiliar," that is, shyness, caution, and timidity, can be detected as early as 8 months and remains a persistent trait into later childhood. Inhibited children are more irritable, more prone to con-



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stipation, and more likely to show allergic responses—"symptoms that reflect a higher level of physiological response to everyday events." Although Kagan does not mention it, there is an obvious link here with Hans Eysenck's delineation of introversion and neuroticism, which Eysenck supposes to be much more dependent upon genetic than upon environmental factors.

I was delighted to note that Kagan throws doubt upon the existence of "general intelligence." I predict that within the next decade we shall see the disappearance of the notion of I.Q. in favor of the recognition that different kinds of intelligence exist which are not necessarily closely related. Kagan quotes an experiment in which it was shown that many backward readers were just as quick at deciding the truth or falsity of certain oral statements as those who could read more fluently. Kagan also accepts that, although most creative children are intelligent, intelligent children are not necessarily creative. One characteristic of the creative person is "some indifference to the humiliation that can follow making a mistake."

One of Kagan's most interesting chapters is on "Connectedness." As he observes, the pervasive assumption is that the effects of early emotional experience are permanent, that stages in development succeed one another and cannot be overridden, and that stages are gradual rather than sudden.

> Modern authors have argued for a connection between the harshness of toilet training during the second year and conformity during adulthood, or between multiple caretakers during infancy and a fragile emotional security in adolescence.

Freudian theory depends upon the assumption that the emotional environment of the child's first five years has a persistent effect upon his development, which can only partially be modified by later events. Modern students of cerebral function partially support such a view by assuming that psychological experience involves changes in brain cells and their connections with each other. But is this assumption of gradualism and continuity really justified?

Kagan points out that "the development of the embryo contains frequent discontinuities in which some structures disappear after their mission has been accomplished, leaving no structural residue." Evidence is lacking that even severe emotional disturbance in early childhood necessarily has permanent effects upon adult adjustment. One study of European children who were adopted by American families because they had been left homeless by the Second World War showed that about 20 percent showed severe signs of anxiety. "But, over the years, all of these symptoms vanished; the vast majority of the children made good school progress; and there was no case of academic difficulty among them." Nor were there any persistent emotional difficulties in relation to their adoptive families.

It is encouraging to realize that even children who exhibit psychological symptoms serious enough to require treatment at a child-guidance clinic are not especially likely to show disturbances in adult life. Even the temperamental differences between infants along the dimension of "inhibition" can become substantially modified in later childhood. What emerges most forcefully from the evidence adduced by Kagan is that until now psychologists and psychiatrists have given too much weight to the power of later events to mold and alter the individual.

Parents who hope that a book with this title will provide a blueprint for child-rearing will be disappointed. Kagan is neither a Spock nor a Freud. On the other hand, those who really want to know what modern research into infant and child development has to say will be amply rewarded. Kagan is a skeptical, conscientious scientist who is reluctant to go beyond the facts, and who constantly questions received opinion, with illuminating result.

ANTHONY STORR

Anthony Storr, a British psychoanalyst, is the author most recently of *The Art of Psychotherapy* (Methuen).

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

The New Politics of Inequality by Thomas Byrne Edsall (Norton). A brilliant analysis of class, ideology, and money in politics. (Reviewed 10/29/84)

The Crucible of Race: Black-White Relations in the American South Since Emancipation by Joel Williamson (Oxford University Press). A full-scale reconsideration of black-white relations in American history. (10/15/84)

Deadly Gambits: The Reagan Administration and the Stalemate in Nuclear Arms Control by Strobe Talbott (Knopf). A masterful account of arms control policymaking since 1981. (10/15/84)

Solzhenitsyn: A Biography by Michael Scammell (Norton). A bold, balanced portrait of the man some hail as prophet, others denounce as fanatic. (10/15/84)

Margaret Mead: A Life by Jane Howard (Simon & Schuster). A discerning biography of the influential American anthropologist. (10/1/84)

The War of the End of the World: by Mario Vargas Llosa (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). An apocalyptic vision from Peru's most important novelist. (10/8/84)

Stranger on the Square by Arthur and Cynthia Koestler (Random House). The posthumously published journals of one of the century's major intellectuals and his wife. (10/8/84)

Season of Spoils: The Story of the Reagan Administration's Attack on the Environment by Jonathan Lash, with Katherine Gillman and David Sheridan (Pantheon). A timely and persuasive account of a ruinous record. (10/1/84)

The Engineer of Human Souls by Josef Skvorecky (Knopf). An epic novel of a Czech émigré's life. (8/27/84)

The Letters of Jean Rhys edited by Francis Wyndham and Diana Melly (Viking). The novelist becomes one of her own greatest characters. (9/10/84)

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Widening the Circle

MY FIRST CONTACT with THE NEW REPUBLIC, other than as a reader, came five years ago when Marty Peretz asked me to write an article about the real estate mania in Washington. Actually, we spent most of the time in his office talking about the best places in Paris to get hot chocolate. The real estate piece shouldn't have been a difficult one to write, but I agonized over it. I read back issues of TNR to get the style down. And when I was finished and the thing was published as a cover story, it never crossed my mind that, on top of getting a by-line, I'd also get paid; the three hundred bucks seemed superfluous. This is a true story, and it would later come in handy during my three years as publisher of TNR. "Gee," I would say to starving freelance writers, "you really want to be paid for that article? Isn't the honor enough?"

BEING ABLE TO con writers and other creditors isn't the only skill you need if you want to be publisher of THE NEW REPUBLIC. You also have to be able to clean the kitchen. We had a major problem in the tiny space that holds our sink, refrigerator, and stove and is mainly used for fixing coffee. It was always a mess. My solution—arrived at after poring over Harvard Business School textbooks—was to close the kitchen for good. But cooler heads prevailed. Morton Kondracke, the Wise Man of the Golden Mean Party, came up with the idea of having each of us take a weekly turn cleaning the pots and pans. If the kitchen was a mess on payday, the cleaner for that week wouldn't get paid. The plan has worked brilliantly. Only one cleaner forgot to do his chores: Mr. Kondracke himself. (But the penalty was waived—just this once—for the plan's inventor.)

FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS I have been helping in the search to find my successor as publisher. It's an odd exercise; I have mixed feelings about my legatee. As Michael Kinsley put it: "On the one hand, you should try to find an incompetent, who'll make you look good. On the other hand, you should try to find someone very distinguished, who will also make you look good. Probably the best person would be a distinguished incompetent." There are a lot of those floating around. Hiring a publisher involves interviewing, a process I hate. Selecting personnel is not one of my great skills as a manager, I've learned. I have a tendency to look for reasons for liking practically everyone I interview—including the distinguished incompetents. I'm sure that there must be four or five foolproof questions that will ferret out brilliant publishers. All I could think of was one: "When did you begin reading THE NEW REPUBLIC?" Coming from a potential publisher, any answer other than "last week" is obviously a lie. But lying is an important publishing skill, so the correct answer is, "When I was 8."

SOMETIMES YOU ACTUALLY learn something in an interview. One candidate for publisher said that a magazine's staff ought to be a community of writers and editors who produce a publication to please themselves; readers simply widen the circle. Too many magazines today, this fellow remarked, begin by selecting an audience, trying to divine what the audience is looking for, and then providing it. I'd call that approach "demand-side" publishing, and, in all but a handful of cases, it's doomed to failure. Very few magazines meet a specific, crying need. Instead, they succeed by offering readers something that they never had any idea they wanted. At TNR I've learned how well this supply-side approach can work. Marty Peretz and the rest of the staff didn't sit down one day and cook up an editorial policy that would appeal to a target audience panting for forty-four pages of a particular kind of political and cultural wisdom each week. As I tell the people I interview for publisher, Marty and the others might just as easily have formulated an editorial policy that would have attracted 95 readers instead of 95,000. And if no one—beyond the eight or nine key editorial staffers on the magazine—had been interested, I'm sure Marty would have continued to publish the magazine. Now, as it's turned out, the story is having a happier ending. THE NEW REPUBLIC has found itself in the middle of some of the most important political and intellectual battles of the day, and lots of folks are listening to what TNR is saying. I assure you, it didn't happen by following a marketing plan.

ONE OF THE GREAT accomplishments of my tenure at THE NEW REPUBLIC was getting "high art" off the cover. You know: a reproduction of Poussin's *Cephalus and Aurora* with a headline like "Can the Democrats Carry the Senate?" Give me low art any day. Give me pictures of dogs (remember "It's You or Fido"—June 2, 1982—with a forlorn little pooch illustrating a cover piece on vivisection?). Give me, especially, pictures of Ronald Reagan in drag—Reagan as Betsy Ross, Reagan as a general, as a cowboy, etc., etc. Research shows that Reagan, in travesty, sells magazines on the newsstand, while Cephalus and Aurora do not. A sure sign that my tenure is being made a mockery will be an outburst of high art covers in the next few months. My former colleagues, I suspect, have been biding their time for the past three years, waiting for my departure, so that they can run a very pearly Fragonard or a seventeenth-century Dutch still life or a Delacroix full of symbolism. They won't sell!

I AM LEAVING THE NEW REPUBLIC to go to work for two magazines, one of which has a circulation twenty-two times as large as TNR's and a staff twenty-five times as large. Will a small-magazine publisher find happiness at a big magazine? He certainly hopes so. But I doubt I'll find "the atmosphere of a college dormitory during a particularly contentious bull session" (*Time* magazine's recent characterization of TNR's offices). My three years at TNR were ridiculously happy ones. I found, among other things, that I could enjoy ideas again, the way I had . . . well, in college. I found, also, that even a philistine publisher could become part of a bright, engaged community that was widening its circle. I got paid, of course. But the honor might have been good enough.

J.K.G.

On October 15 James K. Glassman left THE NEW REPUBLIC to become executive vice president of *U.S. News and World Report* and president of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

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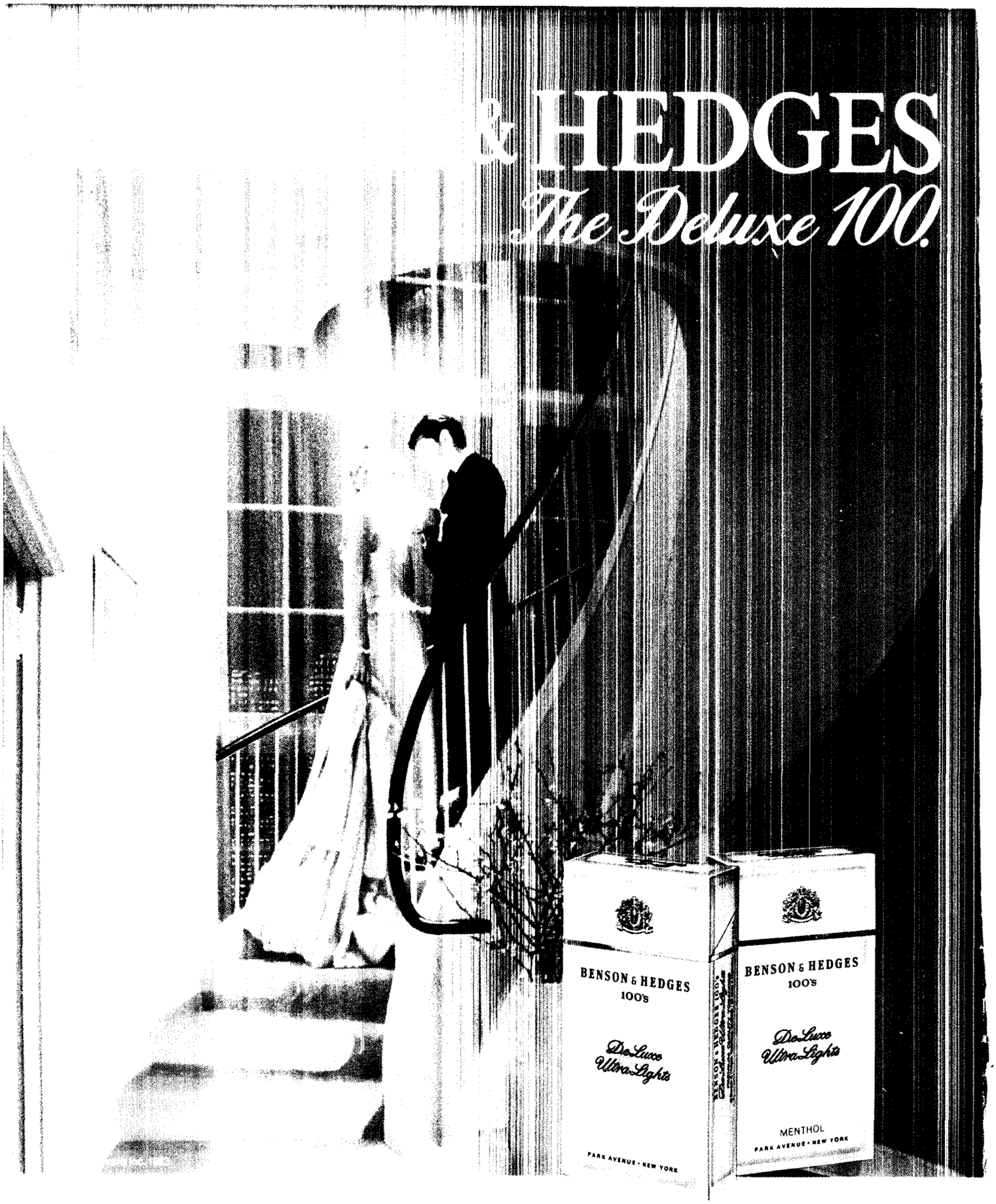

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